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Volume CLXXIX No. 2334 The SPHERE, London, October 14, 1944

THE SPHERE
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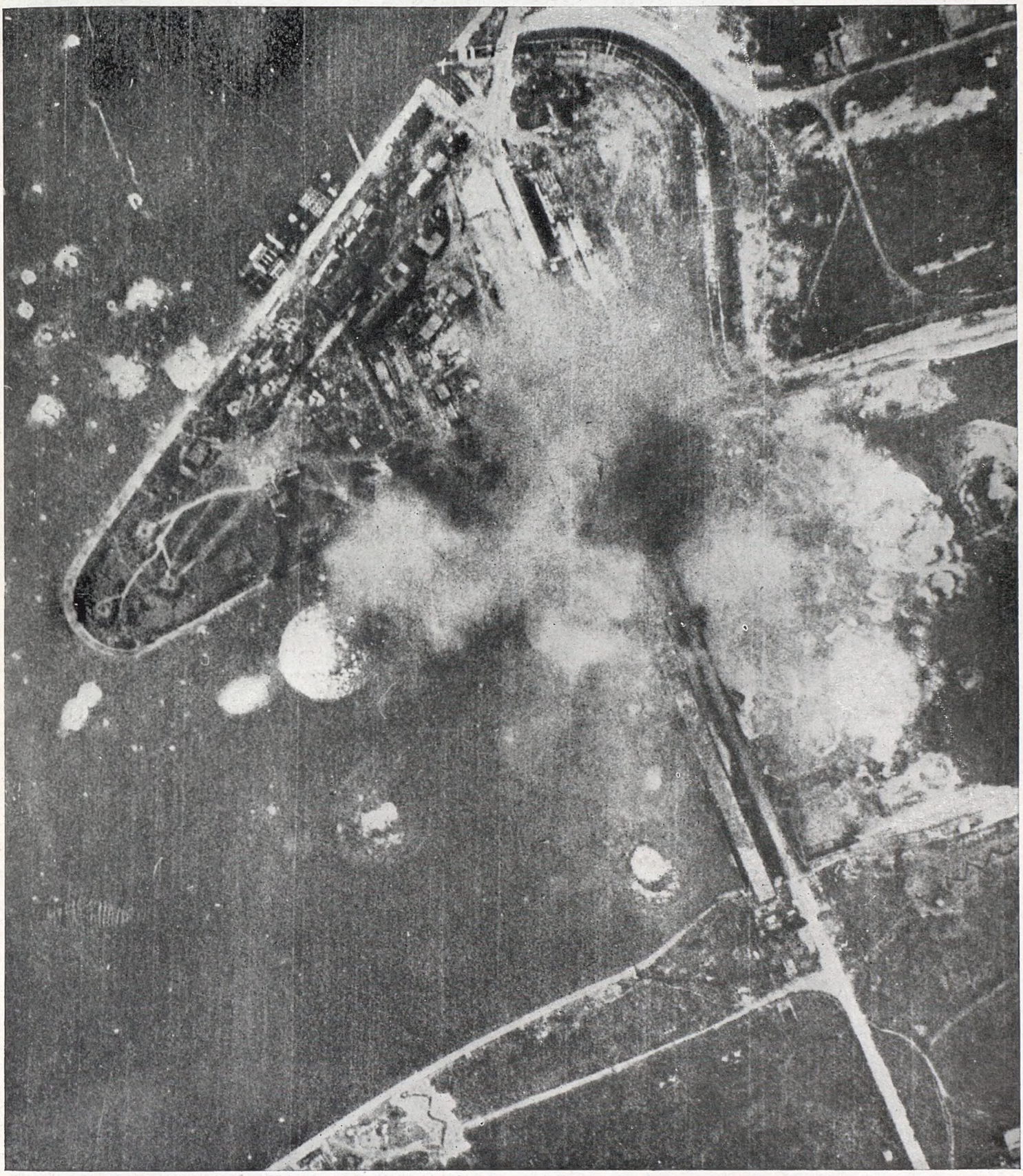
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE DAM-BURSTING EXPLOITS OF THE R.A.F. **THE MOMENT ON THE AFTERNOON OF OCTOBER 7, as Lancasters of Bomber Command attacked the Kembs Dam across the Rhine: a 12,000-lb. bomb bursts at its western end and makes a huge gap in the immensely important dam in the Belfort sector**

During the past few days the R.A.F. have made three very important dam-bursting raids on Germany and German-held Europe. Two of these are shown on pages 38 and 39 of the present issue: the third, and most recent, is depicted above. On the afternoon of Saturday, October 7, thirteen Lancasters attacked the great Kembs Dam across the River Rhine, eight miles from the Swiss frontier near Basle. Two delayed-action bombs exploded fair and square on the target and, almost immediately, the dam crashed and water began to pour through. Within a few hours the level of the Rhine was reported to have fallen by 14 ft. The wrecking of the dam has turned the tables on the Germans, who have lost the chance of flooding the Rhine at a moment convenient to themselves, perhaps when Allied forces were actually crossing it. The Kembs Dam is one of the biggest in Europe. Bombs from the Lancasters were seen to fall by watchers in Basle, and a great fountain of water and clouds of dust and debris were seen to rise

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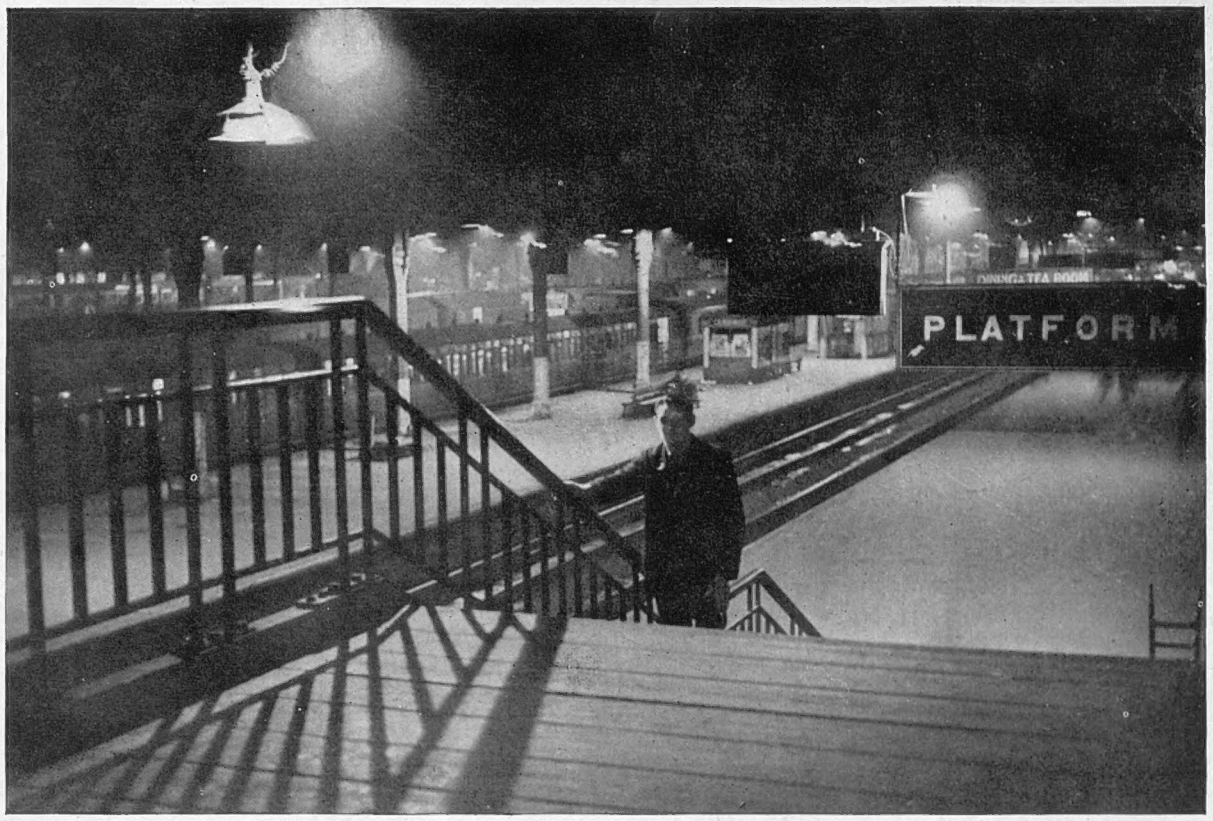
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 267

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Aftermath of Arnhem.—

Let us clear our minds of nonsense and readjust our perspective. All that week which followed the evacuation of Arnhem, I was driven mad by pessimist voices and by head-shakings and jeremiads. Believe me, the weakest of our brethren and the heaviest of our national handicaps in war are those who alternately soar and slump—soar on a rumour and slump on the slightest check. And when one such voice funereally assured me during that Arnhem reaction that it had been "the blackest week" in recent years, I confess my blood boiled. What is war but failure and success, success and check and eternal wastage of human life and effort? What battle was ever fought without bitter sacrifice and heavy loss on both sides? What war was ever fought by Britain with loss of human life so small in relation to the forces engaged as this tremendous world war? Think only of the Somme, the Messines Ridge, Loos, Arras. . . . Those murders in the Rue Morgue. . . . The name of Arnhem, God knows, is burnt on the hearts of hundreds newly bereaved. That is inevitable, and the voice of pessimism and defeatism is never heard from the ranks of the bereaved. It comes from those who are not personally affected, from the arm-chair spectators of war. The heady, foolish gobblers of rumour, the easily deceived, the wishful thinkers, the quickly downcast and (worst of all) from the type of mind which subscribes to La Rochefoucauld's maxim that in the misfortunes of our friends (or country) there is something not altogether unpleasant. *Damn them.* They should have hung out flags that week, for the glory of our race, the victory and triumph of the human spirit.

Dover Relieved.—I must have my note on the Channel ports. Those on the French side are liquidated; those on the English side relieved at last. Let us see to it that those on the French side shall never again be in any but French hands. Let Calais be again written on our hearts. True, no doubt, the military caste in Germany is now planning to shoot their shells and flying bombs from a "safe" area east of Berlin in the world war of 1970. Be that as it may, England will always smell sweeter while Calais flies its own flag. The stink of the tyrant carries very potently over 25 miles of sea. They have suffered, those English Channel ports. Even people on the fringe of Bomb Alley realise very little how much, and how constantly. In my own *angulus ridens* of Southern England, we had our share of the lesser bombs of the Blitz of '40-'41. We experienced the tip-and-runs in moderation, and enjoyed the overthrows from Portsmouth. We even had our week of flying bombs, a very mild dose indeed. By peacetime standards we regard those Channel ports as an "easy run" for a day visit. But war raised bulkheads and made of every country town a watertight compartment. News of the next county was harder to win than news of England or Libya. Those Channel ports, as we begin to learn at last, have enjoyed all of Hitler's surprise packets, even some which London was spared. And they show it in their scarred faces. They are the trusty servants at the gates of London, the prototypes and protagonists of Southern England, and we take our hats off to them and to their tough citizens. When our windows rattled, which was often, they were in hell. I do not suppose the old ladies of Dover and Folkestone and the rest will one day show their medals over their tea-cups. But, by God, they deserve them. They know as much about war as is good for men and women to know and far more than most famous Marshals knew before 1916. And when next I cross to Calais from Dover I shall raise my hat as the packet leaves the jetty, as I raise it to the Cenotaph in Whitehall.



THE LIGHTS SHINE AGAIN AT PADDINGTON STATION: Lamps four times brighter than before the relaxation of the lighting restrictions now flood the platforms at Paddington, giving the great terminus an air of pre-war brightness. Paddington was the first of the great London stations to use the improved lighting: others have since followed suit. The new system is formed of white arc-lights shining directly down on the platforms and controlled by master-switches which are immediately operated in the event of an alert

Washing on the Siegfried Line.—

The same scornful voice of the B.B.C. which announced that the new assault on the Siegfried Line north of Aachen had already laid bare a naked Cologne, Krefeld, Gladbach and Dusseldorf, announced the discovery of a Nazi gramophone record. This was a musical skit on the famous tune "Washing on the Siegfried Line," popular with our troops during the "phoney war." I listened to the record and I thought it (forgive me!) a rather clever skit, a reasonably shrewd hit at the juncture which produced it. When we sang that confident song, we were, though we knew it not, in no posture to hang washing on that line. A few months later the Nazis were all but in a posture to hang washing on the Gravesend-Wimbledon Line. It was then that they travested our boastful song. Now, again, after a great deal of unpleasantness, we are near enough to the Siegfried Line to think of airing our newly-purged washing. But I do not know that it is even now wise to make another song about it. I am not in favour of scornfulness and boasting. It is an attitude of mind and a manner of speech to which the intellectuals of garden suburbs—the clever young men—are very prone. But the less-clever young men, who meet the Germans face to face and know something of war, do not employ the weapon of scorn against the enemy. They neither boast nor jeer nor wishfully think. They fight with the hard weapons of realism, and they know a lot about war and about their enemy. If this war should have taught us anything, it should have taught us that boasting and over-confidence is foolish and even dangerous, and that we should not underrate the endurance of our enemies or overrate the sound judgment of our own people. Those clever young men, who are in a sense trustees for millions of listeners (of whom many are not well trained to think for themselves), have not learned this lesson. It is a pity. First catch your hare, then eat it. First consolidate your line, then hang your shirt on it.

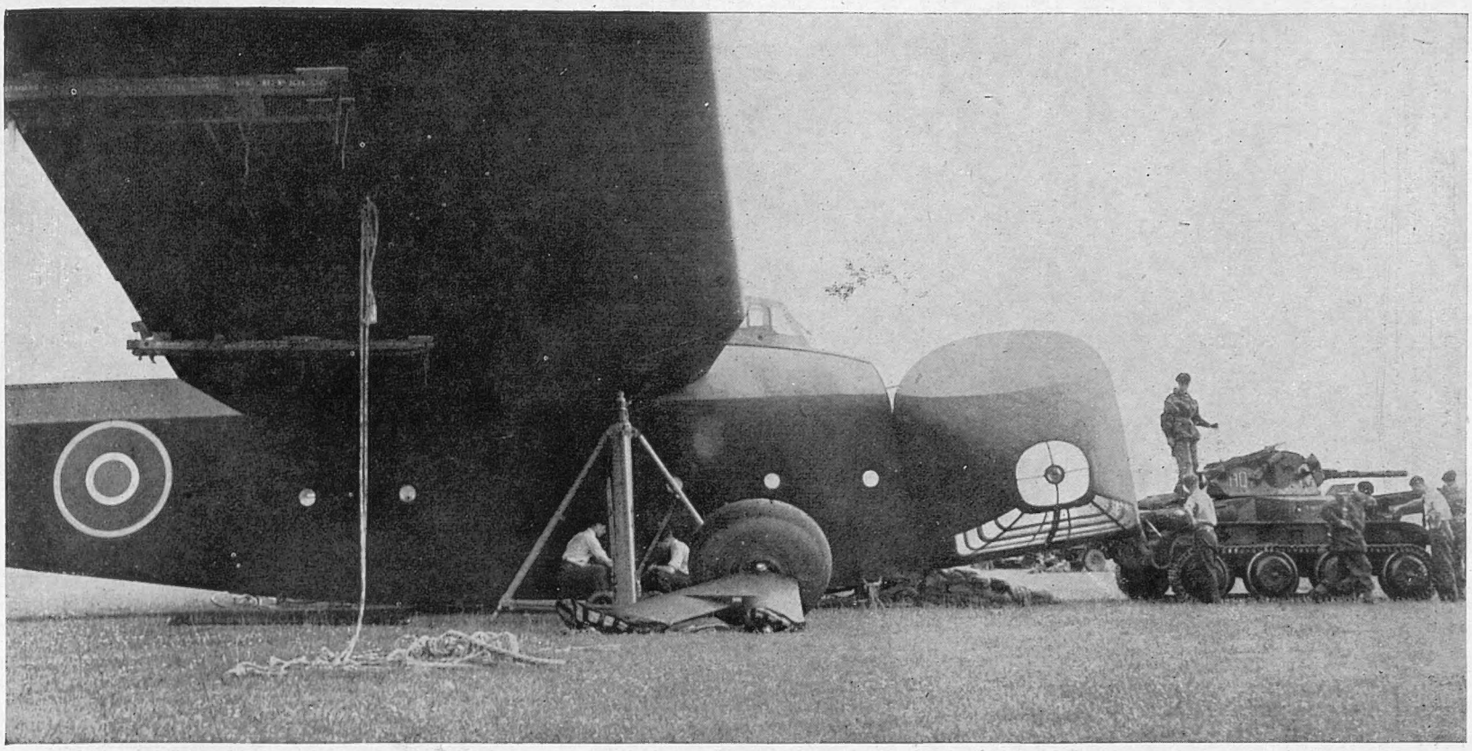
"Got Him on the List."—

People write to me quite often from Pennsylvania, Pall Mall, Paramutta and Peru, and trounce me for my views on the trial of war criminals. But, like a majority of people who "write to *The Times* about it," they are so enraged and astonished that anybody should venture to hold views differing from their own that they do not trouble to make out the sense of my arguments. This phenomenon is very commonly observed among Democracies who wave the banner, and fight for the cause, of "freedom of speech and opinion." For what it may be worth, I will shortly restate those arguments: I am very glad that Hitler, Himmler and Co. are on the list. I hope they, and their instruments of murder, will be taken alive, tried by a properly-constituted court according the accepted standards of legal procedure, and, if found guilty, hung, drawn, quartered, cut down alive and buried, and so on. They 'll none of them be missed. But, as Mr. Churchill realises, there are snags. The problem is complex. Many Allies, with diverse judicial systems and standards, and different degrees of prejudice, are concerned, and the ideal court and procedure and venue may not easily be found. Then, again, first catch your hare. . . . There 's many a slip 'twixt the thug and the dock. Suicide, assassination by their own people or their foreign victims, transport planes or submarines to tolerant neutral States, false beards and shaved moustaches. And, anyway, I do not favour mob-law murder of even the bloodiest criminal. The mass hysteria and blood-lust of dago crowds whitewash the foulest murderer. And the foulest criminals on earth must never be whitewashed, or turned into martyrs. Let us catch them if we can; give them, if we can, a fair and decent trial; and on conviction hang them from the Eiffel Tower. But I still believe that man is an amateur, and God the only professional, in the business of punishment. In the teeth of all my angry critics, I shall ever believe that St. Helena, and all it brought to that vain, proud tyrant, Boney, was a sharper punishment than would have been a firing-squad on the deck of H.M.S. *Bellerophon*. Remorse, the world's ridicule and all the pettiness of life on a dismal, hot island . . . those were God's notions of the punishment to fit the crime, not Lord Liverpool's or Sir Hudson's; and I think they were shrewd. I doubt if modern man can improve on them. Something "lingering, with boiling oil in it."

Come-backs. The Liberals.

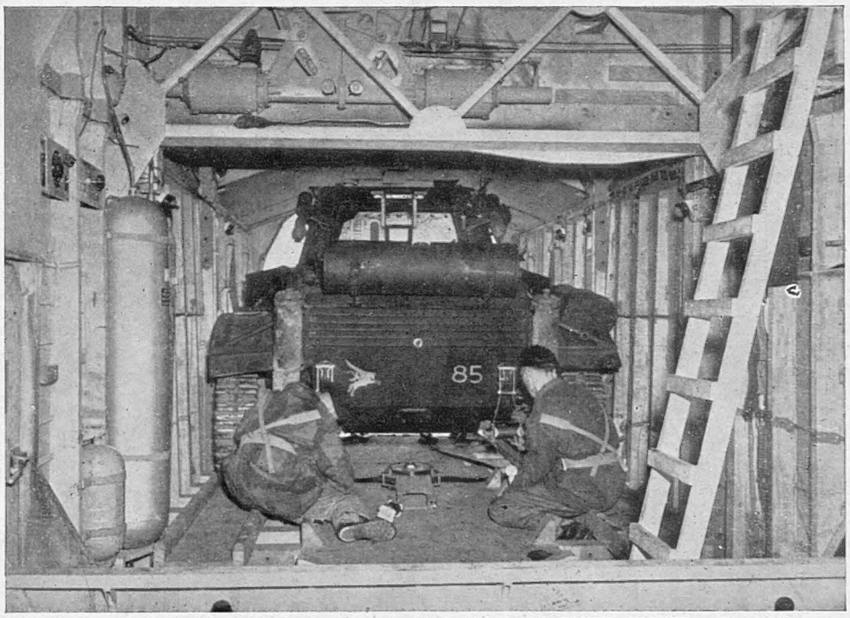
—If we are to judge by the declarations of the Liberal and Socialist Parties, recently put out, all idea of continuing Coalition Government into the first anxious and difficult years of post-war reconstruction is dead. There is to be no coupon election when the present long unrepresentative Parliament is dissolved at last. It may be khaki, but it won't be coupon. The Liberal Party announces that it is not dead, but sleeping, and that it will enter the lists as a party seeking to govern the country, with not less than 250 live candidates. To achieve its aim, it will need all these and more. It will need besides a godsent leader and a programme. I have no doubt that 300-400 sound Liberal candidates exist, if they can be collected and persuaded; but much will depend on organisation, leadership and programme. If the godsent leader exists, his identity is hid from me. As for a programme, this is a teaser indeed for Liberals or Socialists, since advanced socialism in almost all its facets is already well on the way to the Statute Book. But in theory I am delighted to hear that Liberalism is still a live force. These Liberals are the heirs of the Whigs, and the latest historical theory I have read (ex Cambridge Professor of History) argues convincingly that all our national greatness, past, present and future, owed, owes and will owe most to Whiggery. It is true that in the "great days" of Whiggery, Lord Liverpool's long and flabby hold on office seemed to contradict any greatness in Whiggery in the days of the Whig giants; but I prefer to regard the early decades of the nineteenth century in politics as an insoluble historical mystery. I shall support any Liberal candidate who puts up for my constituency, blindly. For the mess which the Conservative associations, local and central, have made of their opportunities to gain, retain or deserve the respect of the voters is seared on my heart. They have too long chosen their candidates on an Edwardian basis of £ s. d. And as for the Socialists, I shall begin to believe in them when they have learned the rudiments of discipline and banished petty suspicion and jealousy of their leaders who attain to office (and salaries). So here 's to Whiggery!

THE OLD STAGER



THE HAMILCAR GLIDER RECEIVING A TETRARCH TANK WITHIN ITS SPECIALLY-DESIGNED INTERIOR. The glider was "tailored" from the beginning of its design to fit around the tank: the latter is a very fast vehicle weighing over 7 tons and with a speed of 25 m.p.h.; it was designed specially for airborne operations

THE KING INSPECTS A LORRY LOADED INTO A HAMILCAR. This type of glider is also capable of carrying troops, guns, assault craft and vehicles of all kinds



THE SCENE WITHIN THE GLIDER AFTER ITS TANK HAS BEEN TAKEN ABOARD. The tank crew are here shackling the Tetrarch before the aircraft takes off

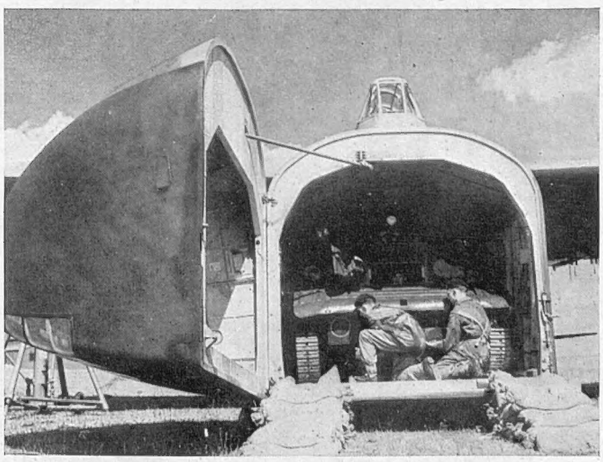
The GLIDER which Carries TANKS

Details of the British Hamilcar Used for the Arnhem Expedition

One of Britain's first-class tanks is the specially-designed airborne Tetrarch. In June 1940 the General Staff at the War Office, together with experts from the Ministry of Supply, foresaw that there would be a need for an airborne tank when we invaded the Continent, a tank which could be carried in a glider. So the Tetrarch was invented. It weighs less than 10 tons, and is very fast, with a cross-country performance of 25 miles per hour; it is capable of crossing a gap 5 ft. wide and of climbing a slope of 35 degrees. It is armed with a special gun giving remarkable fire power. Together with the Locust, its American counterpart, the Tetrarch has proved itself worthy of its famous name.

Whilst these weapons were being developed, the experts were designing gliders capable of carrying such heavy loads. These gliders became known as the Hamilcar and the Horsa. An interesting fact is that the Hamilcar was "tailored" from the beginning of its design to fit round the Tetrarch. In addition to carrying airborne troops themselves, and the guns and tanks already mentioned, these huge gliders are capable of carrying vehicles of all kinds, 75-mm. howitzers, 3-in. mortars, and assault reconnaissance boats and bridging material. This engineering equipment and the assault boats enable airborne troops, if necessary, to cross water obstacles and establish vital bridgeheads without assistance from the main armies in their rear. At Arnhem these assault boats proved most invaluable in enabling many men of the First Airborne Division to recross the Lek and reach the Second Army lines in safety.

AN ACTUAL PICTURE FROM ARNHEM, showing airborne troops engaging the enemy with a 75-mm. gun taken to the Continent by air



HOW THE 7-TON TETRARCH TANK IS CARRIED ABOARD THE GLIDER: The nose swings outwards to take the big load

THE ADVANCE OF THE EIGHTH ARMY TOWARDS THE RUBICON. The 25-pounders of a Field Regiment of the Royal Artillery lead a convoy of Bren-carriers, troop and ammunition-carriers along the winding road through the mountains near Razzolo known as the "Arrow Route" *(See note at right)*

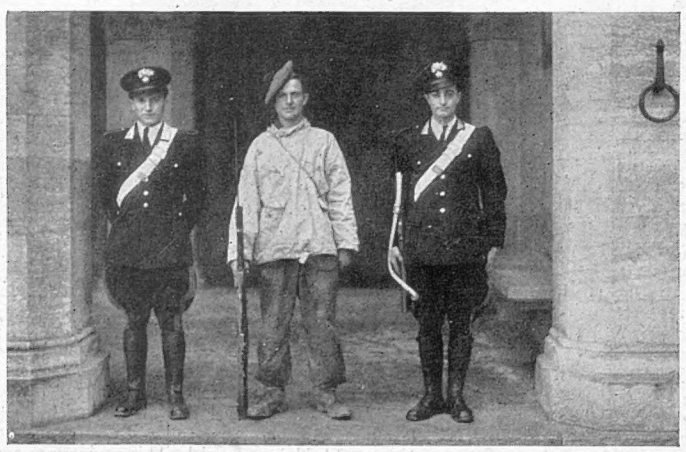
AFTER the BREAKING of the GOTHIC LINE

The Capture of Rimini and the Crossing of the Rubicon

After the capture of Rimini on the morning of September 21 the Eighth Army emulated the Legions of Cæsar's day by crossing the Rubicon. To-day, the Rubicon is known as the Uso River: it is a little stream which threads inland from the Adriatic north of the town of Rimini. Our modern Legionaries waded across it, or drove their guns and lorries across, in their pursuit of scurrying Nazis.

Since the opening of the Gothic Line battles early in September, the Eighth Army have depleted the German forces in Italy very considerably: in one month they have inflicted 25,000 casualties, including the taking of 8,700 prisoners. In thirty days they advanced thirty miles, over difficult and defended countr

THE APPROACH TO SAN MARINO: Engineers of a Field Company sweep the area round the northern entrance to the tiny State

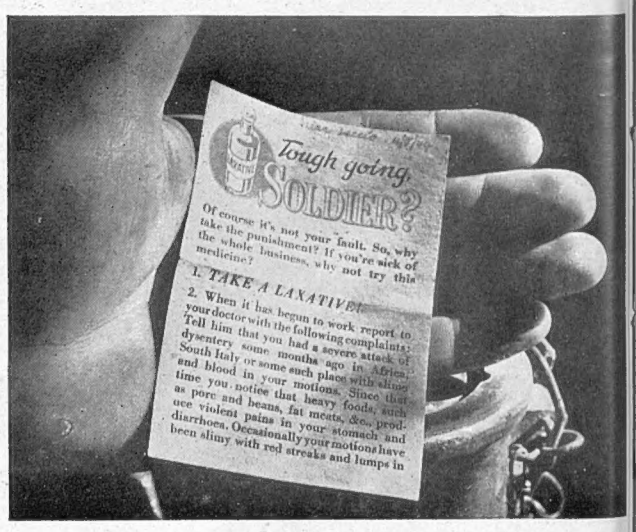


OUTSIDE THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE IN THE PIAZZA DI PIANELLO, SAN MARINO. A Scottish corporal stands guard with two Carabinieri. During the battle for Rimini and the Lombardy Plain, 17,000 refugees sought sanctuary in the neutral State of San Marino, only to find that the enemy violated the neutrality of the State. When forced to retreat, the Germans told the population of San Marino that Rimini had fallen to the British. By this ruse, it was hoped to block vital roads with masses of refugees; but by quick organisation on the part of A.M.G. and local and British military police, all civilian traffic was directed along rough tracks, leaving the main roads free for vital supplies. San Marino has since declared war on Germany

RAIN AGAIN MAKES DIFFICULT GOING FOR THE EIGHTH ARMY SUPPLIES: Sappers at work with picks and shovels on a muddy road much used by supply transport. Heavy rain in Italy is again making difficult going for armour and supplies on the Eighth Army front; towards the end of September, this was giving the enemy the opportunity to make counter-attacks. Allied progress, has, therefore, been slowed—but not stopped, as the whole Eighth Army is over the Rubicon and gathered on the banks of the Fiumicino River. The picture given above shows the type of "road" which, at the beginning of the bad weather, our supply columns and heavy armour had to negotiate

On right—**THE HOPEFUL HUN: A specimen of German propaganda.** At some points in Italy the Germans have been shelling Allied positions with propaganda leaflets British and American soldiers are now making collections of these. There are three main themes pursued by the Germans: 1—Our Allies are not to be trusted; 2—Terror propaganda, to worry the British soldier about conditions at home; 3—"The German soldier cannot be beaten"—hence it is useless to try.

The photograph on the right shows the smallest leaflet dropped by the Germans. It incites the British soldier to feign sickness by imitating the effects of amœbic dysentery. It was fired at our troops in the Arno Valley near Figlino



RIMINI FALLS TO THE GREEKS : This Adriatic coast town, which the enemy had been defending stubbornly, fell on the morning of September 21 to Greek infantry supported by tanks. This picture was taken as the infantry entered to "mop up"

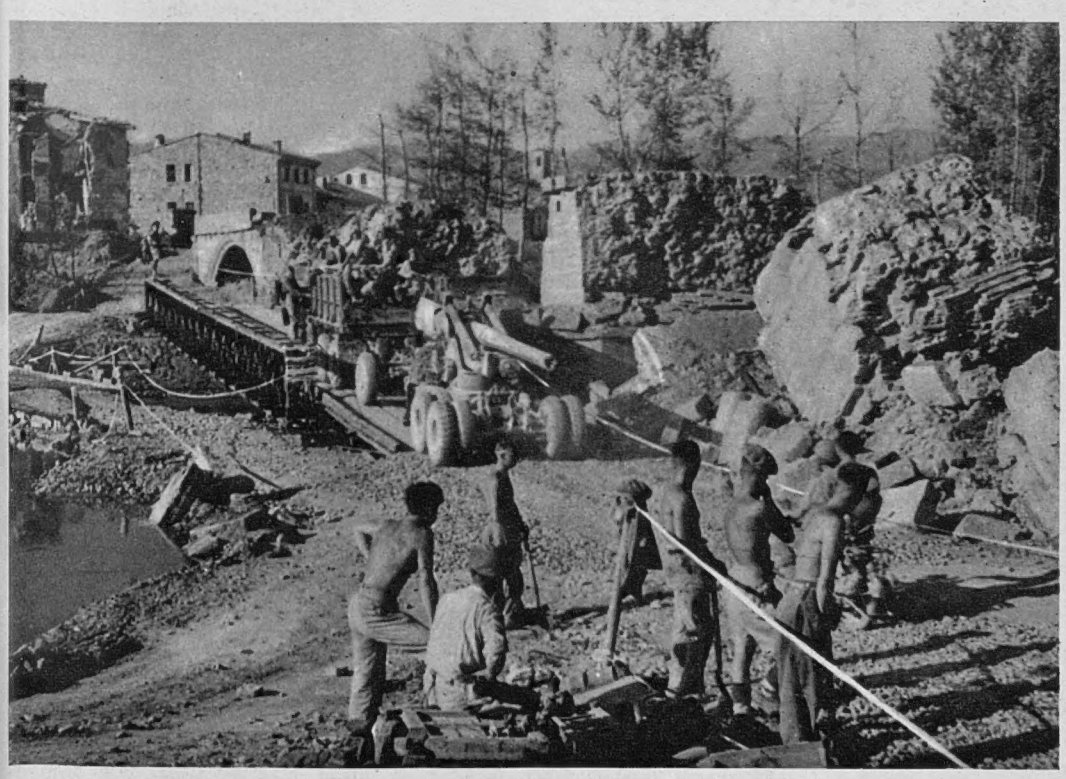
A CHURCH ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF RIMINI which was bombed and shelled whilst being used as an observation post by the Germans during the approach of the Eighth Army

BEFORE RIMINI : A British soldier (reading the "Eighth Army News") makes use of a grape-vine as camouflage for his slit trench and bivouac

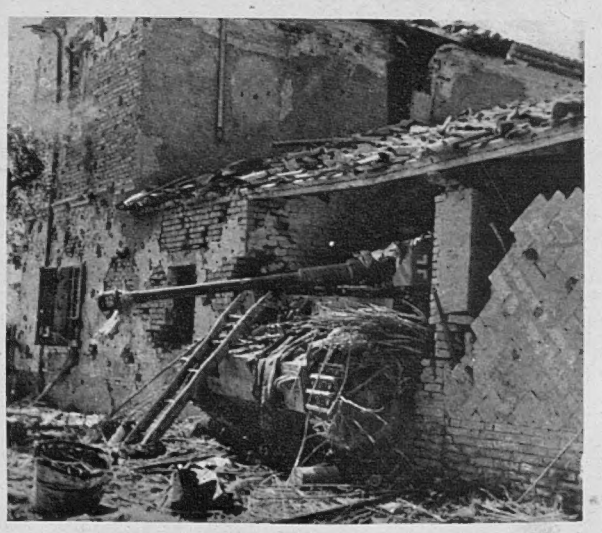
THE GATE LEADING INTO RIMINI, after the town's capture on September 21. A Greek working party are entering during heavy rain

MOPPING UP FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE in Rimini. Greek infantry clearing out enemy pockets of resistance

ONE OF THE BUILT-IN TANK TURRETS on the edge of the airfield at Rimini which the Germans used for defence purposes



IN THE CENTRAL SECTOR OF THE GOTHIC LINE : British troops are here continuing their advance in the Apennines against determined resistance, and Indian troops reached Borgo San Lorenzo, on the mountain road to Faenza, on September 11, establishing a bridgehead across the River Sieve. Here a 166-mm. "Long Tom" is crossing a Bailey bridge over the river at this point

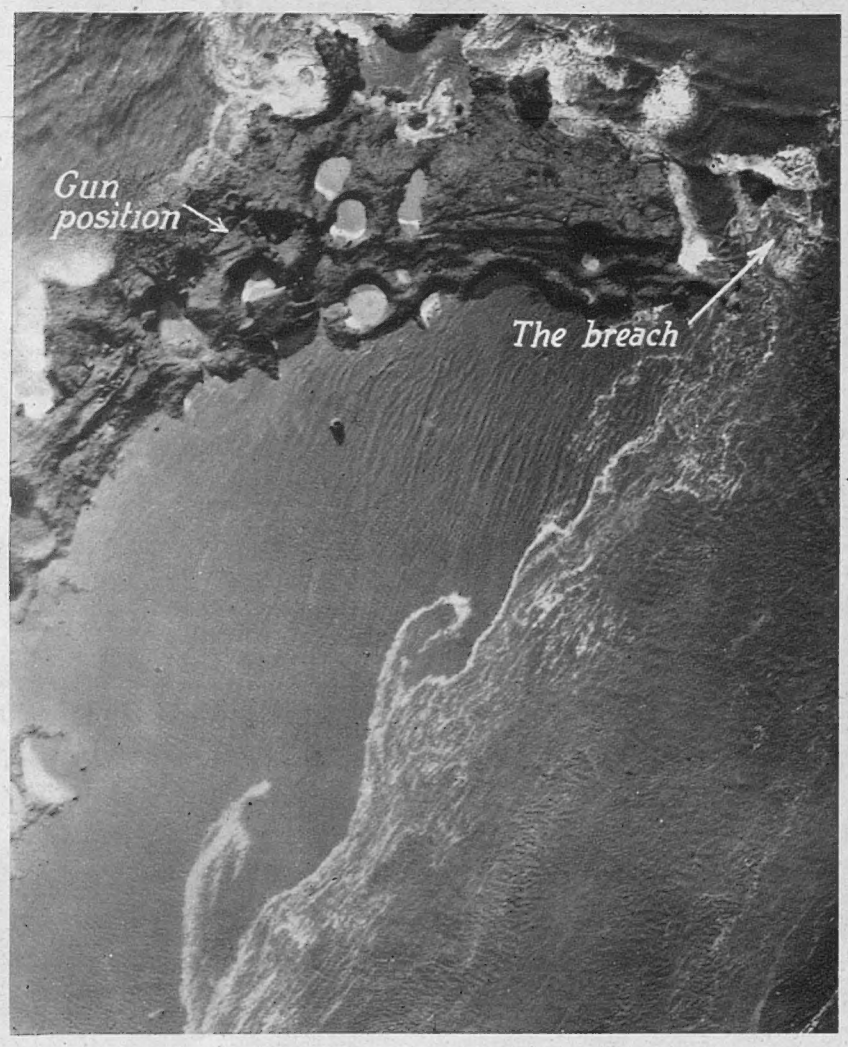


A TANK FOR STATIC DEFENCE. This German Mark IV was found backed into the room of a house north of the River Marano. It was used by the enemy to block the advance of our tanks

A LOW-LEVEL PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THE ATTACK ON THE DUTCH ISLAND, showing the waters of the North Sea pouring through the breached sea wall towards the village of Westkapelle and the German gun defences covering the entrance to the great port of Antwerp

THE FLOODING OF THE ISLAND OF WALCHEREN

By Lancasters of Bomber Command in a Daylight Precision Bombing Attack on October 3



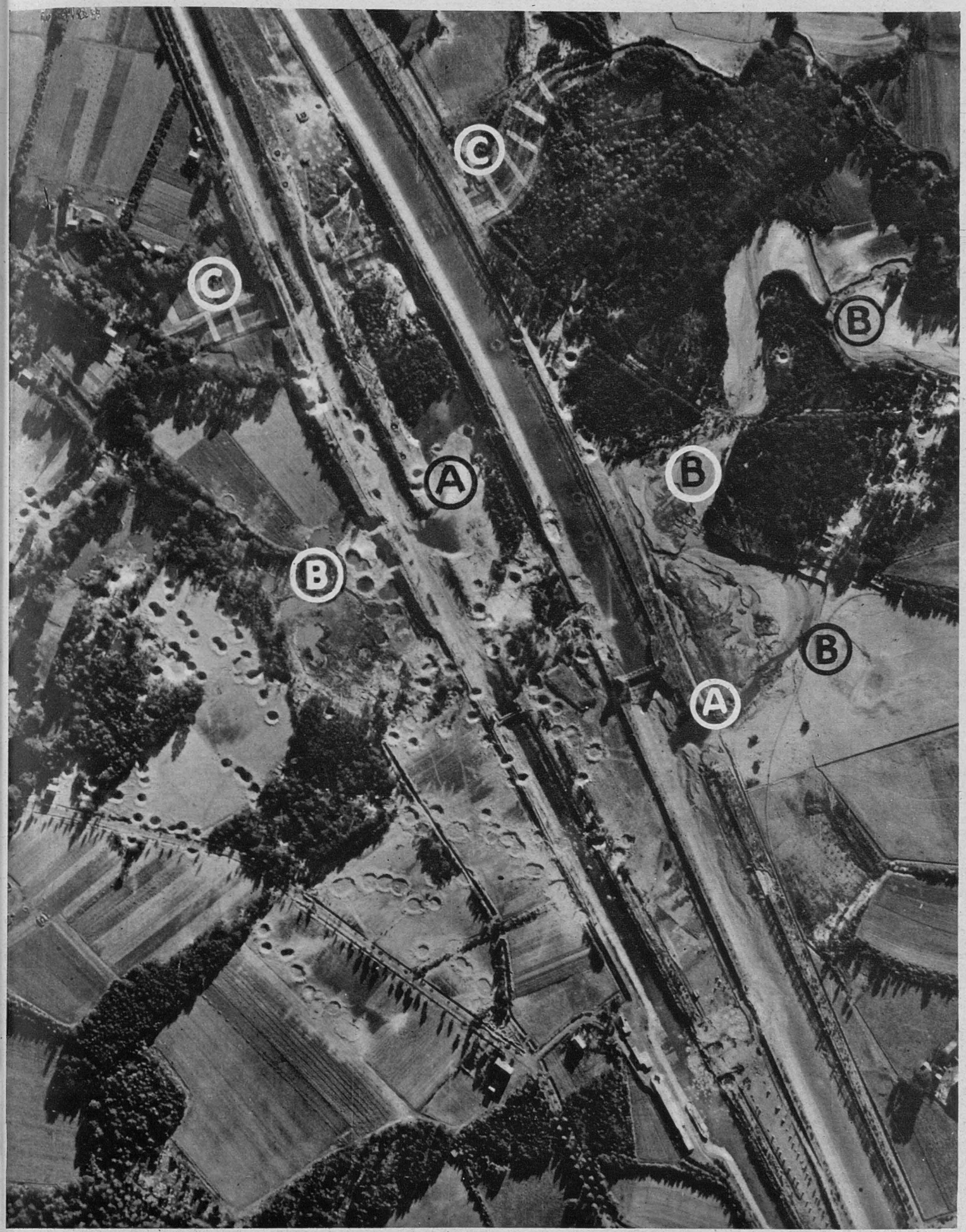
On October 3, by daylight, the R.A.F. carried out a mighty blow against the Germans on the fortified Dutch island of Walcheren, in the North Sea. At this point, German long-range batteries barred the way to shipping moving up the Scheldt Estuary to the great port of Antwerp. Most of the island is below sea-level.

The blow was struck by wave after wave of heavy Lancasters which, between 1.0 p.m. and 3.0 p.m., dropped their 12,000-lb. bombs on the massive sea wall, tearing a great breach in it near the town of Westkapelle. The German garrison was engulfed, and guns and defence posts were soon under several feet of water: they will be inundated at every high tide.

At the point where the R.A.F. struck the dyke is 200 ft. thick at its base: a huge gap several hundred yards wide was torn in it. As Air Marshal Harris had waited for the highest tides of the season before sending out his bombers, the sea surged in quickly and was seen from the air to be stretching out over the whole island. Photographs taken within an hour of the attack showed an area 1,000 yards by 700 yards already flooded.

All the Lancasters attacked from below the cloud base at 5,000 ft.

***On left*—SEA WATER RUSHING THROUGH THE BREACH IN THE SEA DYKE at Walcheren (upper right), forming an inland lake on what had formerly been dry land. The enemy gun position can be seen amid the water-filled craters. *Above*—A DRAMATIC PICTURE OF THE GREAT SEA WALL near Westkapelle on the German-occupied island, after it had been breached by R.A.F. Lancasters in daylight on October 3**



THE EMS CANAL

is Wrecked by the R.A.F.

Who used Five-ton Bombs to Tear Great Gaps in its Embankments on the Night of September 23

THE DORTMUND-EMS CANAL AT LADBERGEN AFTER IT HAD BEEN EMPTIED AS A RESULT OF THE R.A.F. ATTACK. This picture was taken on October 2. Two direct hits by 12,000-lb. bombs are marked A; at B are the points where the water flowed over the embankments. The camouflaged River Glane is at C

During the night of September 23 the most paralysing blow of the war was struck against the Ruhr, when the Dortmund-Ems Canal, main bottleneck in Germany's water system, was breached by a force of ninety-six Lancasters.

The canal is now dry, and so far there has been no sign that the Germans have begun the long and difficult task of repairing the damage. The canal was attacked at a place where it was highly vulnerable. This is the Glane by-pass, north of Munster, where the waterway has been doubled, with both sections flowing above the level of the surrounding country between embankments and over the River Glane. The latter has been camouflaged because of its great vulnerability.

The 12,000-lb. bombs have made great gaps in the embankments alongside both sections of the canal, and reconnaissance photographs have revealed that long lines of barges now lie on the bottom of the empty waterway.

The attack lasted only forty minutes—from 9.35 to 10.15. Fourteen aircraft were lost in the attack

NOBODY TRUSTS RHINELAND PIET

The Type of German Our Men Will Soon be Meeting —and His Outstanding, and Unpleasant, Characteristics

Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

IT seems to be the German plan to fight hard on the whole Left Bank of the Rhine and to rouse the nation to a sacrificial act in keeping with the words of "*Die Wacht am Rhein.*" The ground is more favourable to defence than anywhere else in the north-west, with its mixture of muddy flatlands and ruined industrial centres, minor mountain ranges and dense forests, and the broad, swift Rhine itself. The climate, too, is indifferent for air war until the spring. But are the local inhabitants likely to be as favourable a factor in the defence as the Nazi leaders would wish? Will they live up to the "remain true!" exhortation of the national hymn wrapped round "Father Rhine"? To pose the question is to be reminded of a certain Piet, and I suppose the more that British and Americans know about Piet at this juncture, the better.

Well, Piet is short for Peter, and Piet is the Rhineland's native son. He may be thirty or he may be forty. He is more rounded, easier to get along with than the average German, as if his wines had lightened him up a bit. There is nothing Piet likes better than waxing sentimental over "bowls" of Rhine or Mosel wine. And his sly humour is a byword.

A family man, ever looking forward to his pet joy of an outing with wife and children. See Piet putting back the tart-with-cream and coffee after a sweaty Sunday tramp in the hills or by his adored Rhine! See him beam at his offspring over his fat, mild cigar! A trifle gross with his collar and waistcoat undone, but what a cheery, normal fellow! And so careful; sometimes one would think him a repository of the domestic virtues. Watch Piet count out the pfennig from his leather purse.

Someone to depend upon, serious-minded as well as gay. That Sunday (as every Sunday) he has publicly demonstrated his devoutness. While none is rated higher than Piet for civic obedience and steadiness at work.

Behind this simple exterior Piet is as complex a character as any the Reich produces, and I'll tell you why. He can be as arrogant as any Prussian and as uncertain of himself; Piet will gush sentimentally and harbour brutal, cruel thoughts; he is an egoist, loudly shouting down other people's views, and at the same time he so wants to be liked; he prates of Western freedom, but at heart desires nothing more than to obey, obey. All this, and duplicity too.

That is essentially Rhineland Piet—nobody trusts him. And I somehow think that one way or the other this trait may not be without its effect on the concluding stages of the war, and its aftermath. Not for nothing did Josef Goebbels come from Rheydt, in the Rhineland, for he caricatures the deceit and craftiness, the shiftiness and dodging, that other Germans and foreigners with experience have come to associate with the Rhenish character. The sober, religious bent is only one side.

The polite word for Piet in Germany is "unreliable," which is hardly to be wondered at, in view of the fellow's mixed descent. Piet's character is closely allied to the fact of his rich river valley having been settled down the centuries by Celts, Romans, French, Austrians and Prussians. Until the Prussians, the French of Revolutionary times left the biggest imprint. Those twenty years of Occupation centring on Mayence fed an innate frontierland hankering after the liberal culture of Western Europe, and Heine was still singing about it when Bismarck strode towards the Rhenish scene.

After 1871 Piet was slow in acclimatising himself to the Prussian goosestep. He even launched an "Away from Berlin!" movement in protest at ubiquitous Prussian officialdom, though he was only too glad and ready to profit by its efficient rendering. That was typical of Piet's double-sidedness. Another thing that rankled with him was the Lutheran incursion, in government, into his Catholic Rhineland. Spahn founded the Centrum Party to hold it off—and by the way, Brüening, now in the United States, was the last leader of this Party, which once launched the cry: "*Los von Berlin!*" Despite these twists, Piet had fallen completely for William the Second by the turn of the century. And a few years later—thirty-three years ago—there was no more war-keen corner of the Fatherland than the Rhenish provinces. The air one breathed was full of crudest jingoism, and it didn't matter whether one was in the company of intellectuals or the proletariat, though I fancy the first were worse.

My professor at Bonn was typical: his pet pleasure was to gloat over an illustrated history of London, and to tell his children how it would all soon be German.

Indeed, that Herr Professor turned out a typical Piet, for in 1919 he had the effrontery to write complaining of Australians billeted on him. He had forgotten all about those London gloatings (I took care to refresh his memory), and in that he was running true to Rhenish character.

Having lost that former war of aggression, Piet saw the rest of Germany menaced by revolutionary chaos and starvation, and promptly put on his best behaviour, so as to benefit by the protective umbrella of Allied occupation. People here made a great to-do, from a distance, about how the Rhinelanders were suffering under the continued blockade. They were hungry for a couple of months the first winter. By contrast, what they escaped in violence and degradation, want and chaos through being under the Allied wing!

The Rhenish industrialists even offered to separate from Germany if it were made worth their while, and they had the power to sway the course of events. General Allen, one-time U.S. Commander in the American zone at Coblenz, relates in his "Diary" how Walter Rathenau told him that "Right at the beginning the big industrialists would have gone over, had the French shown themselves more conciliatory."

No wonder Hitler is trying to evacuate as many Rhinelanders as he can, and dismantling plant. Evidently he wants to leave as little as possible on the Left Bank, lest the successors of Stinnes, Thyssen, Krupp von Bohlen, and Otto Wolf should go a step farther than the slippery peregrinations of 1919. Hence all the warnings in the Rhenish-Nazi Press, on the lines of "No one can leave the sinking ship," and the threats to shave the heads of Rhine maidens one future day. Hitler doesn't trust Piet.

These Rhinelanders gloried that the Führer should have chosen their Godesberg for his intuitive dreaming. In the '30's the former elegant little spa became a kind of sacred plot. These people followed Hitler step by step in hushed emotion or roaring accord, and when it came to their turn to prepare the re-entry into the Rhineland, without which there could be no Hitler war, how they rose to the occasion! It was only natural that they should welcome the *Wehrmacht* rapturously, but they knew well what it implied, and subsequently one beheld them trampling across Europe in the forefront of Hitler's legions.

But now that this second war of aggression is lost too, Piet appears to be cogitating how best to get out from under. If Germany is this time to suffer long years of bitter expiation under *total* occupation, why not break away voluntarily, set up house as a Rhenish Republic, and profit by Allied tutelage and good will? Thus, once again, would Piet escape many of the consequences, while the rest of Germany paid in full.

Whatever Piet has in mind, be sure that in the long run it will prove hostile to us. The best judges of Piet, I always thought, were British wives living "on the strength" in Cologne. Whenever the matter of Piet's "decency" and "respectfulness" came under sympathetic mention, they would go up in the air. "It's all just policy," they'd cry; "they hate us in their hearts." Once, in a tramcar, a lady "on the strength" announced *àpropos* of nothing and to the company in general: "They're full of oats! I'd let 'em 'ave it proper!"

And how right those wives were. For Piet *was* playing a game, though we were too self-absorbed to notice it.

Presently we may expect to see the more successful sympathy-gaining tricks and wiles trotted out anew. The same Piet who volunteers as informer will as likely as not be an undercover Blockwart of the Nazis. A Blockwart? He is the supervisor who watches everything that goes on in about forty households.

Piet will not berate his womenfolk for being friendly with the forces of Occupation. Is it not the best of all approaches, both to get information and commodities? Piet will be law-abiding and respectful, even helpful. Some will be hostile and frozen-faced, but I speak of the average Piet of over thirty. He will want to "frat up" through sport. And he will develop a fervent religion and try to inject it into everything he asks for. During the last occupation, revivalism used to be the safest cloak under which to develop illicit activities: it would be at supposedly religious gatherings that the hidden chiefs would meet to talk things over.

If Piet runs true to form, he will co-operate with a friendly nod for exactly as long as he finds he must. Then he will give us the stony face, and thereafter it will be his abiding aim to repeat his Locarno-and-after success in "finessing" us out of the country, using every piece of guile and deceit.

So when there are signs that Hitler fears Piet may default, I prefer to look ahead. Piet is perfectly capable of separating from Germany as a temporary expedient or manœuvre of convenience, with the fixed intention of going back to it at some future date; and if his switchback were seriously to upset the Continental calculations of the Fatherland's present enemies, how pleased Piet would be.

THE DESERTED STREETS OF A GERMAN TOWN NOW IN ALLIED HANDS: Sunday afternoon scene in Brand, where the people spend their time behind shuttered windows. It has been said of the people of the German Reich now living under Allied rule that their behaviour is "exemplary" but completely negative and blank. Under Allied orders they stay in or near their homes, and do not wander through the streets. In no way at all do they indicate whether they are relieved, afraid, or in any other way affected by the entry of the Allies into their country. Occasionally a shell lands in the streets of Brand: over a hill, not far away, lies the city of Aachen

THE FIRST ALLIED MILITARY COURT IN GERMANY, and the four young German women who were tried before it. This historic picture, memorable because it records the first Allied Military Government Tribunal to be held on German soil, was taken at Kornetemunster. The four young women had been ordered to leave a house because it was wanted for important military reasons. Several days later they returned without permission. They were each fined 2,000 marks (£50) or six months' imprisonment

THE AMERICANS MAKE THEIR FIRST RAID ON MANILA, CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, ON SEPTEMBER 20. Nearly forty Japanese ships were sunk or damaged, and more than 200 planes destroyed, when carrier-based U.S. planes made their "reply to Pearl Harbour"—*Drawing by William McDowell*

The Campaign in the Pacific

THE "PEARL HARBOUR ATTACK" ON MANILA

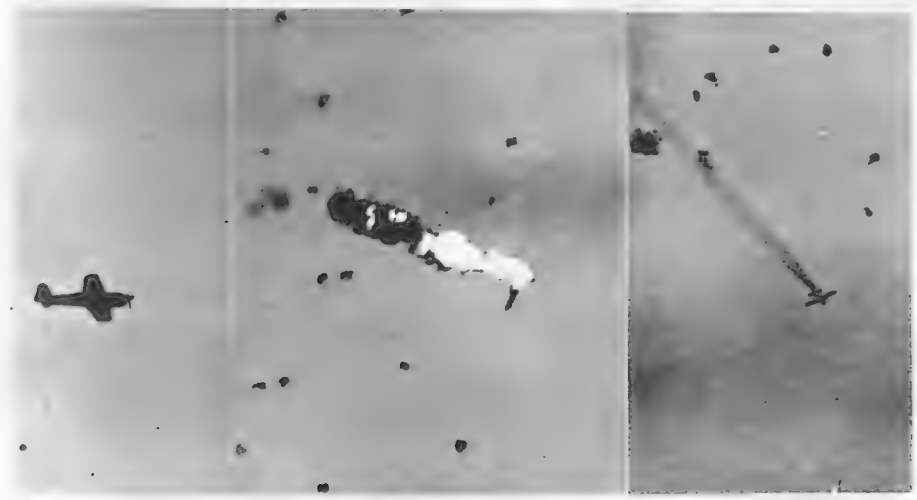
and other Operations by Air in the Pacific War

Coming ever nearer to the mainland of Japan itself, on September 20 the first attack on Manila, capital of the Jap-held Philippine Islands, was carried out by carrier aircraft of the American Third Pacific Fleet. They hit again and again at shipping in Manila Harbour and in Subic Bay, across the Bataan Peninsula; at the Cavite naval base, just south of Manila; and at Clark Field and Nichols Field

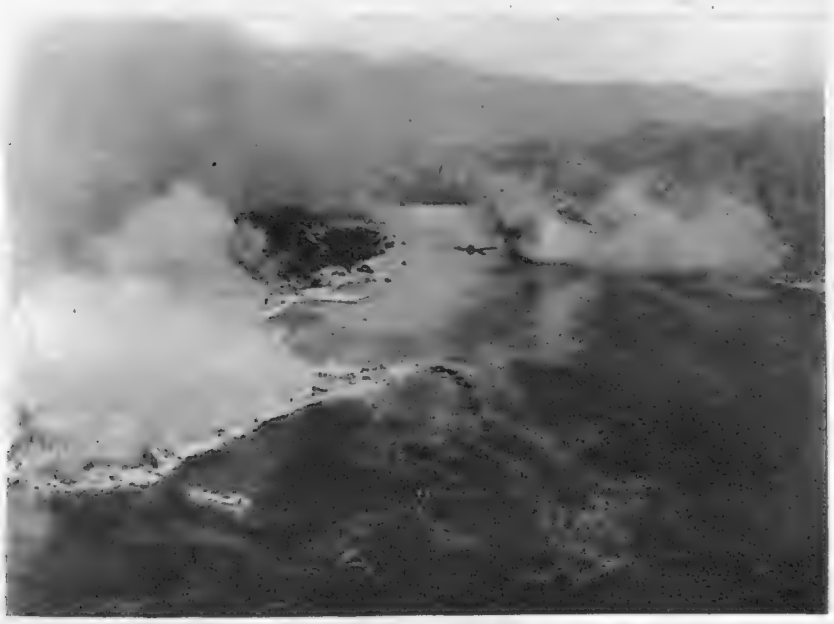
The American bombers left great destruction in their wake. Of the enemy aircraft which attempted to beat them off, they shot down 110 in the air and ninety-five others they destroyed on the ground. They ravaged the two airfields and the military installations near them, and sank eleven ships and damaged twenty-six others.

And all this they accomplished at the cost of fifteen aircraft

In the drawing above, depicting the bombers at work above the harbour, a Jap tanker is seen going down on the left; in the centre is a floating dry-dock, which was also destroyed; on the right is a large Jap destroyer.



THE DEATH OF A JAPANESE PLANE: A U.S. Navy photographer was filming this enemy aircraft at the same moment as the anti-aircraft gunners of an American carrier were trying to shoot it down. The gunners were successful. At the left, the photographer has caught the plane in his lens: in the centre, the A.-A. shells have scored a direct hit; on the right, the aircraft goes down into the sea in a long glide. The gunners scored their hit at 7,000 ft.



BENEATH THE PALL OF SMOKE ARE THE TOWN AREA AND SEAPLANE BASE AT CHICHI JIMA, IN THE BONIN ISLANDS: These are only some 600 miles from Japan itself. Aircraft from the U.S. Navy's fast carrier fleet destroyed enemy planes, sank enemy shipping and demolished military installations on a wholesale scale during this effective strike. This picture was made on September 2 just as the aircraft were leaving

AMERICAN SUPER-FORTRESSES BOMBING A JAPANESE STEELWORKS IN MANCHURIA. On July 29 Super-Fortresses of the American Twentieth Air Force struck in daylight at a number of points in Manchuria: flying from bases in China, they bombed Mukden itself for the first time, and also attacked the Showa steelworks at Anshan, 20 miles to the south-west, the largest industrial city in the country

MOVING UP TO THE ATTACK OF A STRONGLY-HELD ENEMY VILLAGE: How the tank columns operate in a direct assault, leaving mopping-up operations to be undertaken by the following infantry

NEW IDEAS IN TANK FIGHTING
on the Battlefields of Western Europe

This special diagram-drawing has been designed to show the latest developments in tank tactics in the battles now taking place in France and the Low Countries. It should be regarded as a series of connected sketches, with each item magnified about ten-fold in relation to the scale of the terrain.

The main action is an advance by the tanks towards the village in the background, carried out roughly along the line of the central road: the incidents in this advance do not occur simultaneously, but in succession through the picture; they are, therefore, numbered in the order in which they occur. If followed thus, the whole progression and the methods employed by the tanks will be readily understood. Incidents on the flanks which are subsidiary to the main action are not numbered, but will explain themselves as separate local items.

One interesting point brought out in the drawing is the manner in which the Motorised Infantry and tanks alternate in the task of clearing the roads and their vicinity of strongpoints and enemy pockets. Other points—not noted in the lettering, to avoid confusion—will also be observed.

The action in this drawing is continuous, from Nos. 2 to 12. Surrounding the main advance are a number of subsidiary operations, which are indicated on the above drawing

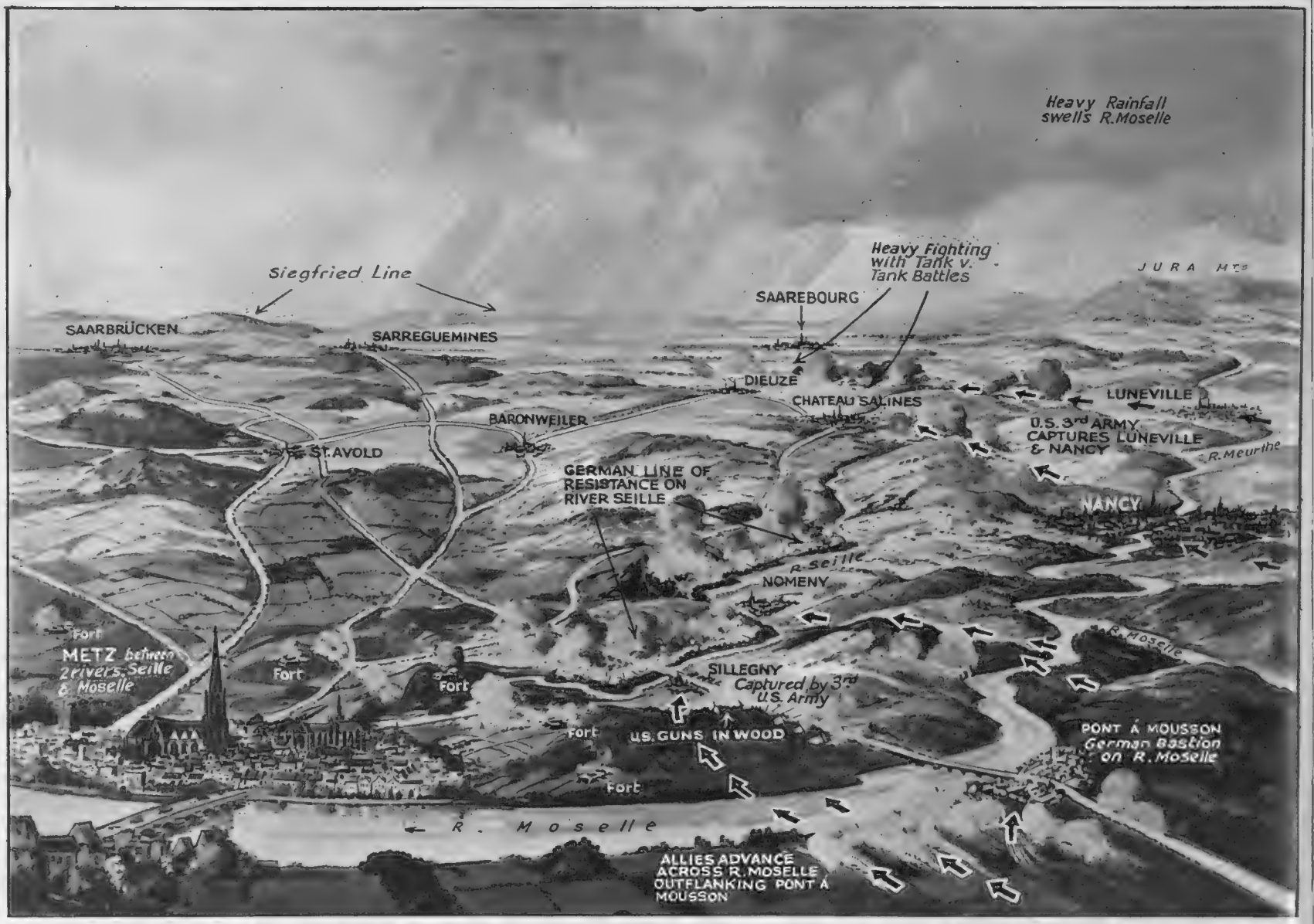
After the Swift-Moving "Cavalry Tanks" Have Gone Forward, the Infantry-Carrying Tanks Sweep On to Consolidate the Ground Won by the "Cavalry"

A Special Sphere *Diagram-Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy (Artist's Copyright in U.S.A. and Western Hemisphere)*

The advancing columns are arranged with the tanks in front, closely followed by the motorised infantry. Motorised artillery must then round off this striking force as closely as the circumstances permit. In the mopping-up of the strong-point in the foreground of the drawing, the infantry dismount at the nearest points to which the carriers can safely be taken. They then spread out and advance cautiously, in open order and from any suitable angle, taking advantage of all available cover: they are mainly armed with tommy-guns and grenades.

The wide nature of the attack forces the surviving defenders to divide their attention: two men in the centre have found a bomb-crater from which to lob in grenades; the three to their left have gallantly—if not wisely—taken the chance of making a rush approach. One is winged by a sniper concealed behind the broken door, which is promptly plastered with bullets by his comrade. Other soldiers on the far left lie behind scrub to pick off any of the enemy at the broken 88-mm. gun position who may try to interfere.

The action of the main tank battle begins at **2** and thereafter proceeds consecutively throughout the drawing right up to **12**.



THE FIGHTING FRONT ALONG THE RIVER MOSELLE, BETWEEN METZ AND NANCY, WHERE THE THIRD U.S. ARMY UNDER GENERAL PATTON HAS CROSSED IN SEVERAL PLACES and pushed into the country beyond. Fierce fighting and a number of tank battles have taken place in this area along the River Seille and around Dieuze and Château Salines—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert* (See notes below)

AMERICAN INFANTRYMEN CROSS THE MOSELLE, moving up towards the front, as a medical jeep transports American and German wounded across the river to the rear for further treatment

MEN OF THE U.S. SEVENTH ARMY (coming up from the Riviera) use a hand-line as they wade across the Moselle, in the Remiremont section, in pursuit of the Germans retreating to the southern section of the Siegfried Line

THE CROSSING OF THE MOSELLE

And the Struggle for the Great Fortress-city of Metz

Since the middle of September there has been continuous and fierce fighting in the area between Metz and Nancy, where General Patton's Third Army has been slowly advancing against stubborn resistance. The enemy has been told to hold the Moselle line at all costs, until ordered to retire. Several crossings have been made across the river, but the Germans have dug in and are difficult to move. All along the east bank, from Thionville to the south of Metz, civilians have been working with the troops, helping to dig deep trenches, which are defended by mines and heavy wire. The rapid advance over the Seine and Marne was halted at the Moselle, when rain descended and the river rose, making the construction of bridges difficult, causing a general delay and thus giving the enemy the breathing-space for which he was longing. The enemy resistance became stiffer and there were constant counter-attacks.

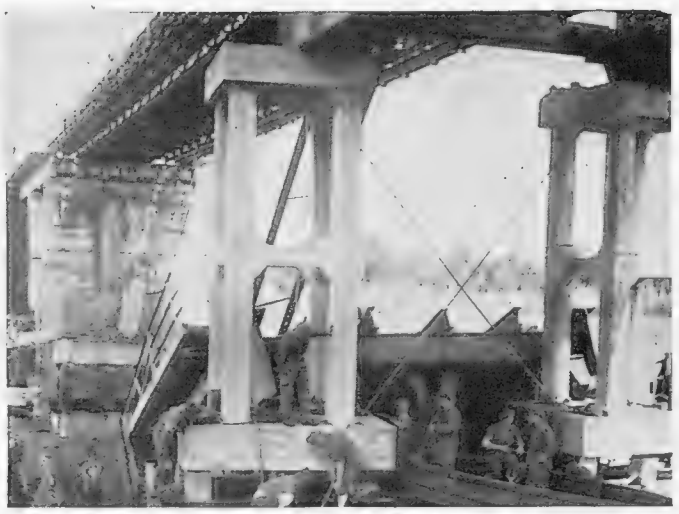
After Nancy was taken, and the Moselle crossed, the troops began to pour across and to make some steady progress. Luneville, south-east of Nancy, was taken on September 20, and also Chatel-sur-Moselle, where another crossing was made, but the fighting was hard against artillery and mortar-fire, with road-blocks and mines to obstruct the way. Enemy tanks were met at Dieuze, north-east of Nancy, and a number were knocked out.

After the Germans occupied Metz in 1940, they proceeded to increase the defences of that already strongly-fortified city, which had resisted capture during the last war. It is now protected by a ring of forts, each one being extremely formidable. The garrisons are hidden from sight, protected by thick steel and concrete, surrounded by barbed wire, 65 ft. deep, and defended by very heavy guns (ten 105 mm. and two 150 mm.) in armoured turrets. The smaller forts are connected with the greater ones by tunnels. The Germans are fighting with desperate stubbornness and haven't yielded any of the western bank of the river there, though the Moselle has been crossed at several places farther south. Right to the end of September the weather remained bad, with rain and low clouds, hindering the air support for the Allies. In spite of this, Thunderbolts came to the assistance of the Americans at Dieuze on September 24, when a tank battle took place and four Tigers were knocked out. At Château Salines, to the north-east of Nancy—an important cross-road—there has been fierce fighting, the enemy making many attacks.

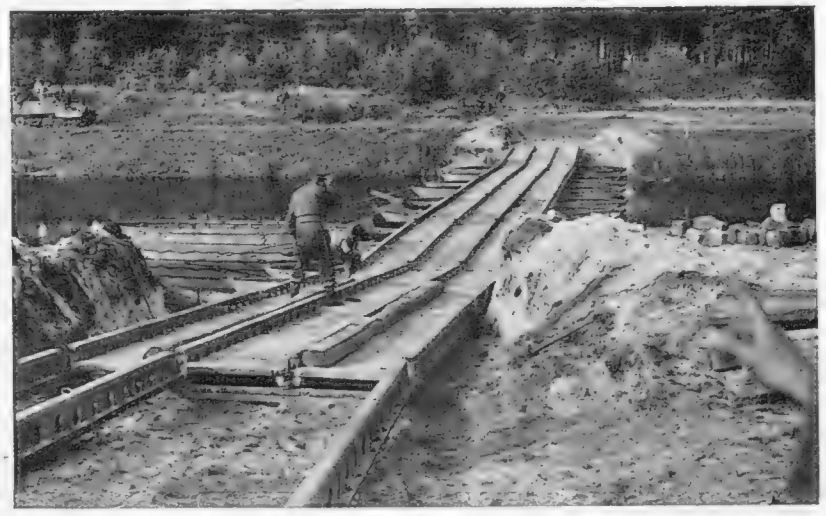
The Germans remain very nervous about the Western Front, stating that there are "disquieting features," preparations being nearly completed for an all-out assault, which would probably take place in the Eindhoven sector, near Aachen and below Nancy

HOW THE CANALS OF BELGIUM WERE SPANNED BY THE ENGINEERS

HOW THE MEUSE-ESCAUT CANAL WAS FIRST CROSSED—by a "Class Five Raft": This picture was taken on the bank of the Canal de Junction de la Meuse. The "Class Five Raft" consists of girders on two collapsible assault rafts. From the time the material was unloaded to the time that the first vehicle was taken across the Canal took about thirty minutes. First, an assault boat was sent across with infantry to clear any snipers and to give covering-fire to the party: the raft was then erected, enabling anti-tank guns to be sent across into action. Meanwhile, infantry had been going over in assault boats. Later, the bridge shown in the lower right-hand picture was erected

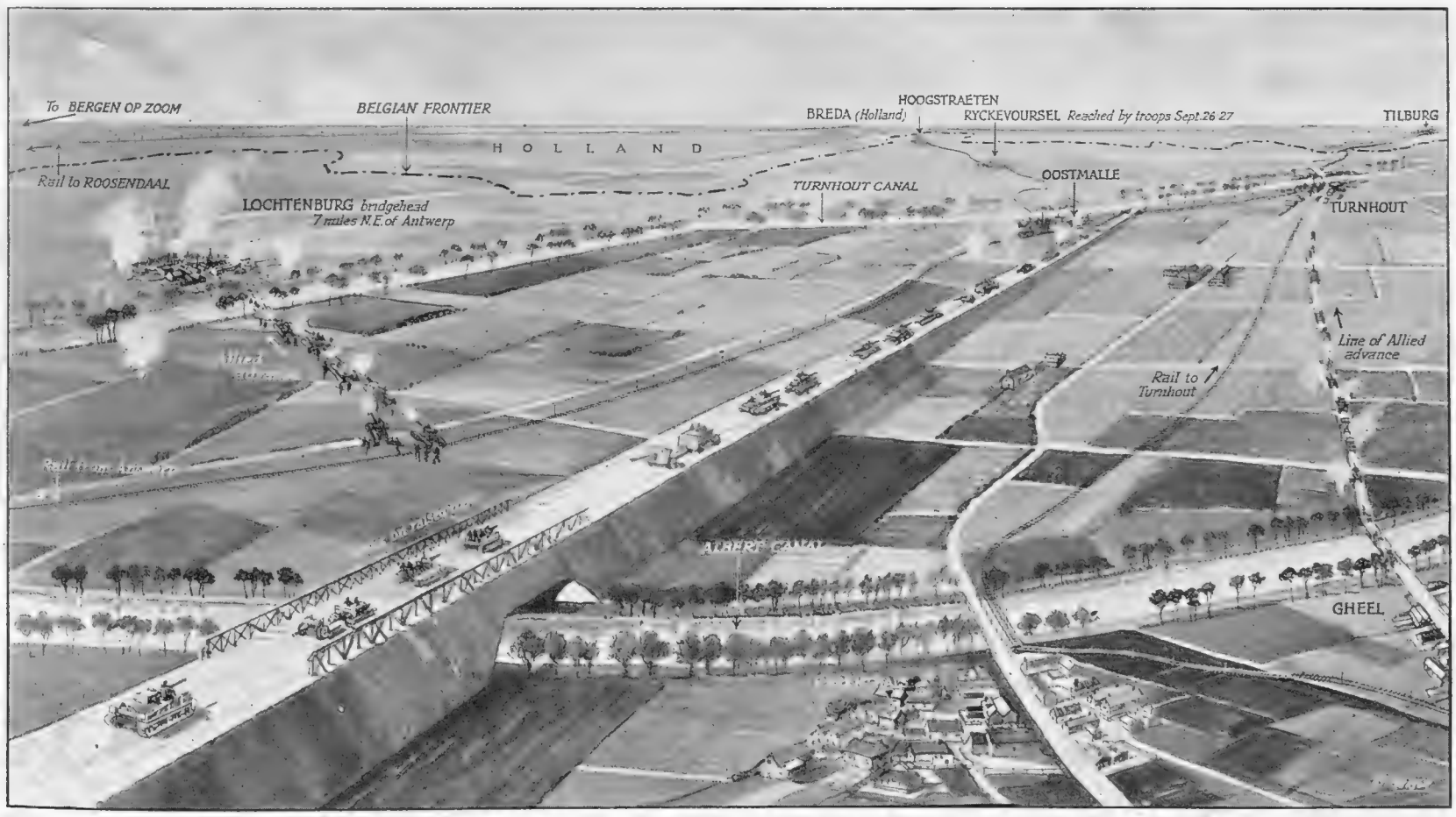


A BAILEY BRIDGE CONSTRUCTED BY THE R.E.s OVER THE ESCAUT CANAL: In their headlong retreat through Belgium, the Germans blew or damaged as many bridges as possible; but the Engineers performed marvellous feats in putting up Bailey bridges of all types at lightning speed. This bridge over the Escaut was erected by a Field Company of the R.E.s by spanning a gap in the road bridge blown by the Germans. The bridge is called a "Magpie": it is a single-triple type, of 110 ft. span



AFTER THE "CLASS FIVE RAFT" (on left) HAD BEEN ERECTED ACROSS THE ESCAUT CANAL, British engineers then erected the bridge shown on the right

A British formation was entrusted with the job of building this bridge across the Escaut Canal to penetrate into Holland. A night attack was launched against the enemy positions, held by fanatical young German parachutists, on the night of September 17-18. The Engineers started the bridge on the 18th at 01.30 hours, but had to abandon it owing to heavy casualties due to mortar and machine-gun fire. It was finally completed at 18.00 hours on September 18. All troops who had got across up to 17.00 hours on September 18 did so by way of the "Class Five Raft" (seen in the left-hand picture), operated by men of a Field Company of R.E.s, who performed a magnificent task. The completed bridge, which superseded the raft, is shown on the right



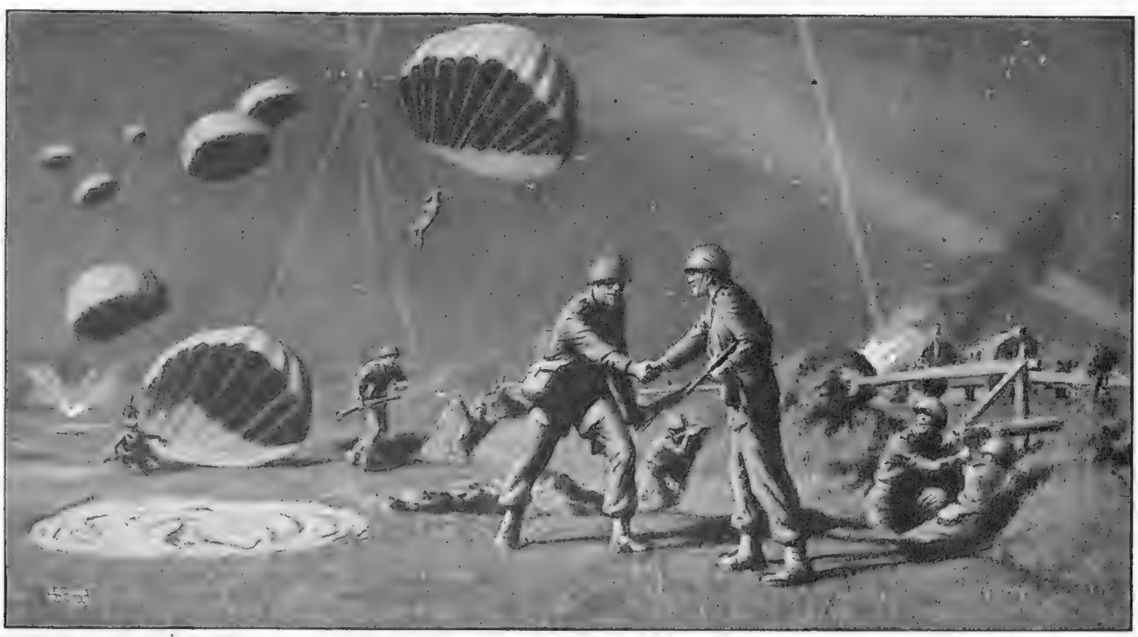
THE FIGHTING ACROSS THE CANALS OF BELGIUM IN THE ANTWERP-TURNHOUT AREA, where twenty to twenty-five German battalions have been concentrated to oppose the British advance through difficult canal and river country—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

Stretching from Antwerp towards Nijmegen is what is known as the Canal battle district. The canals here are pre-eminently the obstacles which have to be overcome. Some of the great waterways of the Netherlands traverse the country from east to west, and those with high, raised banks present ready-made defences for the enemy. Sufficient headway was made by the Canadian First Army to alarm the German Command, who massed twenty to twenty-five battalions to counter the Allied thrusts, troops being brought from Walcheren Island, among other places. The fighting has stretched from close to the eastern part of Antwerp, through Lochtenburg and Ryckevoursel to Turnhout. The enemy fiercely contested advances from our bridgeheads over the Turnhout Canal. In the above drawing, this big waterway is seen stretching across the scene from west to east, with roads of various kinds traversing the vast meadows of Northern Belgium. Some of the roads—the older type—are only slightly raised above the general level of the meadows; others are on high embankments, which confine the tanks and armoured vehicles in their movements. The advance towards Turnhout was by way of Gheel, which, with Herenthals, was formerly well known to tourists

THE SCENE ABOVE THE TOWN OF ARNHEM AS REINFORCEMENTS CAME OVER BY GLIDER. Until it was known that the Airborne Division was to be withdrawn, reinforcements and supplies were sent over by glider and transport. At this time, the north end of the bridge over the Lek—and other places in the town and its environs—were being held by our airborne troops in the face of stiff, and growing, German opposition—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Special Drawings by "Sphere" Artists of the EPIC of ARNHEM

Where the First Airborne Division put up their Magnificent Stand Against the Germans



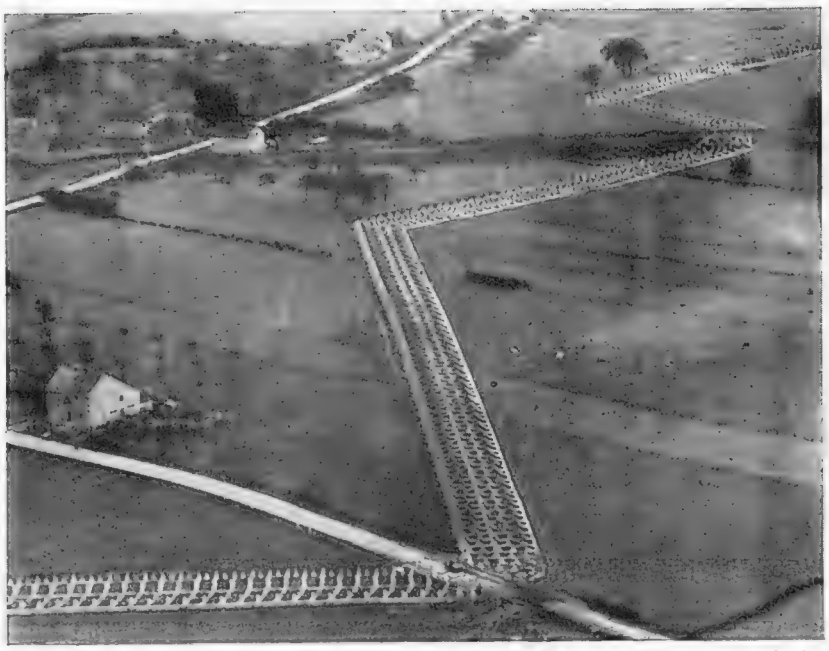
HOW THE NEWCOMERS AT ARNHEM WERE WELCOMED by the men who had already endured days of the toughest fighting. "It was a great period of brotherhood between fighting men," said one of the airborne troops who took part. Throughout the whole course of the fighting—until it was decided to withdraw the Division—supplies and reinforcements were dropped by transport aircraft and by gliders, and parachutists were sent down to help the sorely-pressed forces on the ground to withstand the heavy weight of attack—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

***On right*—WHERE THE MAIN ACTIONS TOOK PLACE in and around the town of Arnhem**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The northern branch of the Rhine, here known as the River Lek, is crossed at Arnhem by the road bridge on the right and by another bridge, carrying the railway line, on the left. The original plan was to drop the Airborne Division near the town; but so intense was the flak that the R.A.F. could not land them nearer than eight miles. Even so, the airborne troops reached Arnhem: at the end of the first day one battalion was on the bridge and the rest on the outskirts of the town. A bridgehead was also established at Oosterbeek, and to reinforce this Ducks were sent across the river from the south side: they were unable, however, to climb up on to the north bank owing to the heavy rains—one of the reasons for the failure of the whole Arnhem expedition

BRITISH PARATROOPS IN ACTION AROUND ARNHEM with a 6-pounder anti-tank gun : when this picture was taken they were firing at a German self-propelled gun which was located only about 80 yards away

A PIAT GUN IN POSITION BEHIND A TREE NEAR A LEVEL-CROSSING. This is the infantry weapon used by the British Army against tanks, of which the Germans brought a number into action against the airborne troops at Arnhem



TAKEN FROM AN AMERICAN RECONNAISSANCE PLANE NEAR AACHEN : Part of the "Dragon's Teeth," which form the outlying defences of the Siegfried Line. They have been constructed of concrete and steel

AMERICAN TROOPS IN GERMAN TERRITORY : Making their way through the Stadt Forest, outside Aachen. This was reached on September 13, when infantry and tanks crossed the border ten miles south of the city, and later captured the first German town of Roetgen

THE ALLIED ARMIES COME UP AGAINST

The SIEGFRIED LINE

The Great Static Defence Line Which Guards the Western Entrances into Germany

The Siegfried Line runs for a length of about 300 miles from near the Swiss border up into Holland. Over the whole of this length it will have to be manned by the Germans, for nowhere are they safe from the threat of invasion by the British and American armies.

Unlike the Maginot Line, the Siegfried has been built "in depth," with gun emplacements and infantry positions of every kind, pill-boxes, observation posts, anti-tank gun positions and traps, covered ways and hill-top fortresses. All are carefully concealed, not continuous, but always interlocking and supporting each other. Behind the Line, the country for miles back is a network of pill-boxes and minefields.

The drawing on the right gives an impression of the Line near the Luxembourg frontier. The country here consists of a series of heights which rise sharply on the German side : in between are deep, wooded valleys through which flows the Ourthe. On top of the heights is a series of forts built into the sides of the mountains. Made of solid concrete, they are camouflaged so well that it is difficult to spot them. The walls are 8 ft. thick, with a roof of the same thickness.

Nevertheless — and as an earnest of things to come—this outer section of the Siegfried Line was captured a few days ago during the first serious Allied penetration into Germany

AN IMPRESSION OF THE DEFENCES WHICH G
and American troops have now reached this line
to the left are British self-propelled guns and Cr
background

A PICTURE OF THE CITY OF AACHEN, TAKEN FROM AN AMERICAN PLANE. So close are the Allies pressing in on this town that it has been abandoned by the Germans : its houses are uninhabited and its streets deserted. Aachen is, in fact, the first big German town to have felt the full impact of war. Quite close to it runs the Siegfried Line, through which the Allies are now breaking

THE FIRST BRITISH REGIMENT TO ENTER INTO GERMANY
Dutch ; the destroyed houses seen in this picture
Army on September 25 : the first British troops t
point. It was a reg

H GO TO MAKE UP THE MUCH-VAUNTED SIEGFRIED LINE, WHICH RUNS FOR SOME HUNDREDS OF MILES ALONG THE WESTERN FRONTIER OF GERMANY. British is line at certain points and have actually penetrated it. In this drawing, British flame-throwers are seen in action against German pill-boxes in the right foreground : and Cromwell tanks firing at targets within and beyond the "Dragon's Teeth" defences which form the outermost portion of the Line. Up on the hills in the ground are scientifically-sited fortresses, forming a linked-up line and mounted with the heaviest artillery—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

ERMANY : Beek, four miles from Nijmegen, is half-German and half-picture are German. Beek was liberated by General Dempsey's Second roops to carry the war into Germany crossed the border from this s a regiment of the Sherwood Foresters

A GERMAN TOWN SHELLED BY THE GERMANS : Townspeople leaving their homes after a bombardment carried out by their own troops in an attempt to dislodge the strong foothold gained by the American Army. This must be a novel experience for the Germans—to have the war on their own doorsteps!

The BATTLE of the BRIDGES

How the Great Bridge at Nijmegen was Captured, Undamaged

—A Special Sphere Drawing

The daring actions by which Allied Airborne troops captured important bridges in Holland far in advance of the land forces enabled General Dempsey's Second Army to rush forward at great speed, to cut off the Germans in the western part of Belgium and Holland. This method met with its greatest success at Nijmegen.

The airborne troops were landed on Sunday, September 17, dropping to the south of the town where a road and rail bridge crosses the Waal (the largest outflow of the Rhine, which breaks into several branches as it enters the low-lying Netherlands). Other airborne troops landed at Arnhem, to the north of Nijmegen; and also to the south, at Grave, where they seized and held the bridge over the Maas.

At Nijmegen the airborne troops were not strong enough to seize the bridge, but they fought the enemy in the town and kept them up against the river. The Waal was the most difficult of all the water barriers met with on the way towards the German frontier. It is 500 yards wide; and the bridges, with their approaches, are a mile and a half long.

General Dempsey moved up rapidly from the Belgian frontier, capturing Eindhoven on Monday, the 18th, and moving on at once to Grave to join the airborne forces holding the bridge there. They met some stiff opposition from the Germans, supported by anti-tank guns and artillery, but British tanks rushed forward to Nijmegen to support the airborne troops in their fierce struggle in the streets of the town.

NIJMEGEN BRIDGE—a picture taken at the special request of General Dempsey. It shows the great length of steel girdering across the Waal River, captured intact on September 18

An attempt was now made to rush the bridge, but the Germans were too strongly posted in the Valkhof Palace, to the left of it, which they had turned into a fortress. It was then decided to cross the river to the west of the bridge; American troops were carried on British tanks to the crossing, and the attempt was then made in assault boats. The Germans had gained news of this, however, and were stationed in strength on the opposite shore. Protected by the covering fire of the tanks, the assault boats made many journeys in spite of the murderous fire of the enemy. The men got ashore and made a fierce attack, and the Germans were driven back—but at considerable loss. The Allied troops came under the fire of a fort on the north side; finding a spot which the big guns could not cover, they stormed on to overwhelm and destroy the garrison. By this means they succeeded in reaching the north end, and signalled their arrival by hoisting the Stars and Stripes.

The British tanks on the southern side, determined to make another effort to storm across, broke down the houses leading to the bridge and silenced the guns in the Valkhof Palace—by now reduced to a pile of ruins. They rushed across the bridge and joined up with the Americans. For some reason the Germans had not blown it—probably because they had hoped to continue to use it themselves

ONE OF THE GERMAN DEFENDERS AT NIJMEGEN BRIDGE lying dead beside his machine-gun. There was hard fighting at both approaches: the parachutists who landed at Nijmegen first prevented the Germans from blowing the bridge up, but were just not strong enough to capture it entirely. When the tanks of the Second Army arrived, the bridge fell to a joint assault from north and south

AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE SECOND ARMY IN NIJMEGEN. Infantry rest on the pavements after having come up rapidly from Eindhoven in the south

On left—**THE BRITISH ARMY PUSH ON through Helmond to the Maas:** After the capture of Nijmegen, considerable gains were made by the Second Army in the Eindhoven-Nijmegen corridor. Most progress was to the east, where several towns were captured, including Helmond, in the drive to the River Maas. This picture was taken after advanced armoured elements had reached the outskirts of Helmond, from which they shelled the town: it shows British infantry dug-in at a point where the Germans had previously put up anti-tank obstructions

THE CAPTURE OF NIJMEGEN BRIDGE—UNDAMAGED—AS THE RESULT OF A JOINT BRITISH AND AMERICAN OPERATION: British tanks made the crossing high above the wide River Waal, whilst American paratroops ferried across in assault boats to the west of the bridge under heavy fire. The Americans captured the northern side and held it until junction was effected with the British tanks. Previously, airborne troops had attempted to seize the wide bridge, but their arms were not heavy enough in face of the heavy guns at the Germans' command. The bridge was found to be completely undamaged, although demolition charges had been put in position by the Germans. These were removed by the Engineers, and at once the Second Army began to stream across for the assault on Arnhem (*See notes at left*) *Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

HOW THE ALLIED CORRIDOR WAS EXTENDED TO THE EAST OF EINDHOVEN. Thrusting north and east, British troops crossed the Bois-le-Duc canal at Zomeren on September 22: two days later they had captured Deurne, only a few miles from the German border, thus extending the supply corridor to a width of 20 miles. During the advance the village of Asten was taken: here a soldier, shielded by a house in the village, cautiously watches a carrier go up in flames after being hit by shellfire

THE BOMBING OF EINDHOVEN BY THE GERMANS: The liberation of this town was announced on September 20. Shortly afterwards it was subjected to a vicious air attack by German bombers, during which much damage was done and civilian casualties were inflicted

A PORTION OF THE GREAT PHILLIPS WORKS AT EINDHOVEN: This damage was caused during the last raid carried out by the R.A.F. before the town was captured. A bomb went through the ten stories of the bulb-and-valve factory and rendered the whole building useless

HAVRE: THE FIRST OF THE CHANNEL PORTS FALLS. The final scene as viewed from Harfleur, with the blazing port in the background. It was at Harfleur (in the foreground of this drawing) that Henry V was held up for a month, a set-back which was followed by the tremendous victory at Agincourt in 1415—*Drawing by Roland Davies.*

The CLEARING of the CHANNEL PORTS

From Havre to Calais

When the British 49th Infantry Division—"the Fighting 49th"—converged on Havre to liberate that important Channel port, there loomed up before them the great Gothic tower and steeple of Harfleur Church.

Fighting from street to street, they reached the city's vast dock areas. As they battled in from the east, along the bank of the Canal de Tancarville au Havre, seen on the left of the above drawing, they passed the famed Schneider works and edged right into the port. The bulk of the city was in their hands when the surrender came.

Henry V led a military expedition across the Channel to Havre in the year 1415. He had with him some 30,000 men. They were, unfortunately, soon laid low in thousands by the dysentery which was raging in the town. When the King made his advance into the interior, he had only some 10,000 troops available.

As a gesture, he determined to march to Calais before re-embarking for England. On the way there was fought the Battle of Agincourt, one of the most astonishing of military victories. Outnumbered four to one by the French, the English forces utterly defeated the French Army; the English, 6,000 strong, again proving their power. The losses on the English side were stated to be thirteen men-at-arms and about 100 of the ordinary foot-soldiers!

BOULOGNE: THIS E-BOAT PEN NOW LIES IN RUINS. It was constructed of reinforced concrete 12-ft. thick to house the German "little ships" in the Channel. The airman standing on the roof gives an idea of its size. The work of devastation was carried out by bombers of the R.A.F.

WIMEREUX: THE CAPTURE OF THIS COASTAL SPOT CLEARED THE WAY FOR THE APPROACH TO CALAIS. The Canadian soldier in this picture is standing guard over the deep beach defences erected by the Germans. As no Allied landing was made here, they were never used

CALAIS: A VIEW OF THE SHELL-TORN AND BOMB-BATTERED TOWN AS SEEN FROM THE FAMOUS CLOCK TOWER. (The photograph is taken looking towards the English Coast.) The Germans surrendered the port and town into Canadian hands on Sunday morning, October 1. Fires which had been started by Allied bombing were then still raging; about 17,000 Germans were taken prisoners. With the fall of Calais, only one other port near to England remained in enemy hands—Dunkirk, on which an all-out assault was soon in progress

CALAIS: THE GREAT STREAM OF FOUR-ENGINED BOMBERS WHICH PLAYED A PART IN THE REDUCTION OF THIS GERMAN-HELD PORT. They are here seen crossing the chalk cliffs north of the town to deliver their heavy loads on the German defences—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* Towards the end of the siege of Calais, the Allied Air Forces played a tremendous part in the reduction of this keypoint on the French coast. For three hours waves of heavy four-engined bombers crossed and re-crossed—at one time forming an endless procession from one side of the Straits to the other. It was more than the Germans could endure, and, very soon, still another Channel port was in British hands

ONE OF THE "SECRET WEAPONS" USED AGAINST THE GERMANS ON D-DAY: A rocket-ship firing its terrific broadside. The fire from one craft is stated to be equivalent to that of "thirty cruisers each mounted with twelve 6-in. guns." The vessels are Tank Landing Craft on which projectors have been installed

FROM THE SECRET LIST

The Newest British Inventions, Details of Which Have Just Been Made Public

When the invasion of Sicily was made in July 1943, six rocket-craft, hurriedly adapted to take part in the landings, were used to such effect and so shook the Italian garrisons in certain positions that they surrendered. Later, similar craft were used at Anzio, with equally devastating effect. For some time this weapon remained on the Secret List; but now details have been released of its design and construction.

The L.C.T.(R.), or rocket-ship, is a converted Tank Landing Craft which has been equipped with heavy rocket-tubes to smash enemy gun-emplacements and strong-points with massive salvoes of high-explosive. The effect of the rockets falling in a small area is such that the fire from one craft is roughly equivalent to that of thirty regiments of artillery or thirty cruisers each mounted with twelve 6-in. guns.

During the Normandy landings, the rocket-ships went into action before the first waves of landing craft. Their action was an amazing sight, and the roar from the explosion was many times more violent than that of heavy battleship gunfire.

The rocket-ships carry three types of rockets, the chief of which is the high-explosive type; the second is a ranging rocket filled with an incendiary compound for determining the accuracy of the range; and the third is a smoke rocket for screening troops.

A SMALLER ROCKET-SHIP: This is another type of rocket-vessel; it is a small Support Landing Craft used by the communications section of the Navy Beach Battalion. It mounts both machine-guns and rocket racks

THE FIRST BRITISH JET-PROPELLED AIRCRAFT: it flew for the first time on May 15, 1941, when it was piloted by Flight-Lieut. P. E. G. Sayer, chief test-pilot of the Gloster Aircraft Company

Increasing attention is now being paid to the principle of jet-propulsion. The flying bombs with which England was bombarded recently operated on this principle: and to-day the air forces of Germany, America and Britain are all pursuing experiments with aircraft similarly propelled. The one shown above was designed by Air-Commodore Whittle, the first of its type to be propelled by a gas-turbine engine jet. The system of propulsion is this: air is sucked in through a scoop in the nose, compressed, heated and then shot out behind at high velocity. The recoil from the continuous jets of air forces the whole aircraft violently forward. There is no airscrew needed for this form of propulsion, hence the undercarriage can be very short: in this case a "tricycle" has been fitted. During the flying-bomb campaign, aircraft of this type were employed, with success, to shoot down the fast-moving missiles. Some of the turbine engines for the jet-propulsion planes have been built in the United States. The Germans, too, have been developing these machines: the Messerschmitt 262, known as "The Swallow," is now making its appearance over Holland and North-West Germany. It is not unlikely, therefore, that in the near future air battles may be fought by Allied and German propeller-less, jet-propelled aircraft

THE NEW BRITISH 7·2 HOWITZER. DETAILS OF WHICH HAVE JUST BEEN RELEASED. This picture was taken whilst one of the new guns was being got into a firing position in France

THE RECOIL OF THE NEW 7·2 HOWITZER is such that—even with brakes on—it runs right up on to the special ramp behind its firing position

A HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE 7·2 HOWITZER, showing its low build, heavy rubber tyres and big barrel : The three pictures given here were all taken in France during action against the enemy. The 7·2 gun weighs ten tons and fires a 200-lb. shell up to a range of 16,000 yards. It is mounted on a twin-wheel carriage fitted with pneumatic tyres, which are 5 ft. 6 ins. in diameter. It is fitted with hand-controlled brakes ; but, often when the gun is fired, so powerful is the recoil that it runs right up on the special steel ramps even despite that the brakes are "on." The 7·2 is a very powerful gun which is quite mobile in relation to its weight : it strikes a happy medium between the gun which is too heavy to move though powerful, and the gun whose power has to be sacrificed for the sake of mobility. These pictures were taken at Routot, when a heavy battery of the Royal Artillery was pounding the German lines of communication

THE NEW BRITISH MAXSON GUN-TURRET, recently taken off the Secret List, is used in light A.-A. defence against low-flying enemy aircraft. The Maxson Gun-Turret was developed as a form of defence by the U.S. Army for protection against low-flying aircraft. Its armament consists of 20-mm. twin Oerlikon guns, and has in the past been installed for the defence of gun sites, balloon sites and other vulnerable points when low-flying attack was likely to develop. It will be noted that the upward tilt of the shield affords ample protection to the crew from machine-gun attacks from the air. One of its chief advantages is its lightness and mobility, enabling easy transit from one site to another and quick assembly. Its compactness would suggest facility in supply when transport conditions are difficult

AIRBORNE LIFE-BOATS OF THE R.A.F., DROPPED BY PARACHUTE—a new device of Air-Sea Rescue : how it is attached to the Warwick aircraft. In last week's issue we published a photograph showing how the new Flying Fortresses are equipped with their own life-boats. Here are two pictures of the British version of the same idea. But, in this case, the life-boat is dropped by aircraft of the Air-Sea Rescue Service when effecting the relief of pilots forced down over the sea. The life-boat is made of wood and is dropped by parachute : it has two buoyancy chambers, is 27 ft. in length and is equipped with sails. There are two motors on board, besides rocket life-lines which operate when the life-boat alights on the sea. These airborne boats are dropped by Warwick aircraft (which are a development of the famous Wellington bombers which have given continuous service since the outbreak of the war)

THE AIRBORNE LIFE-BOAT, with its sails and protective covering in position. It measures 27 ft. in length and carries a number of items of equipment designed to help aircrews in distress

THE FÜHRER REAPPEARS AFTER THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE. This picture was taken on August 27, five weeks after the bomb attempt during which he was slightly wounded. On that day he received fourteen soldiers of the German Army and Army S.S. at his headquarters, and awarded them the "Golden Pin for man-to-man combat." The Führer is now noticeably plumper in appearance than at the outbreak of war: of late the German newspapers have been making the very most of his increasingly rare appearances in public

THE DEVASTATION AT DARMSTADT, as a result of the R.A.F. raid on September 11-12, when 200 planes wiped out the town in a single night: Darmstadt was a town with a population of 115,526; it lies 15 miles south of Frankfurt. It was practically obliterated by just over 200 Lancasters on the night of September 11. This attack demonstrated how comparatively small forces, using improved tactics, are doing as much damage as was done in very heavy attacks not long ago. Darmstadt was a centre of the German chemical industry, and a supply base for the armies defending the Upper Rhineland. Over 286,000 incendiaries, as well as a great load of high-explosive bombs (including nearly 200 4,000-pounders), were dropped in an attack which began just after midnight. When the first of the bombers arrived, there was intense opposition from the flak batteries, but as the attack developed the A.-A. fire ceased, and night fighters appeared in great strength. They were too late to beat off the R.A.F. This reconnaissance picture shows only one corner of the city: it will be observed how this section has, literally, been completely "flattened"

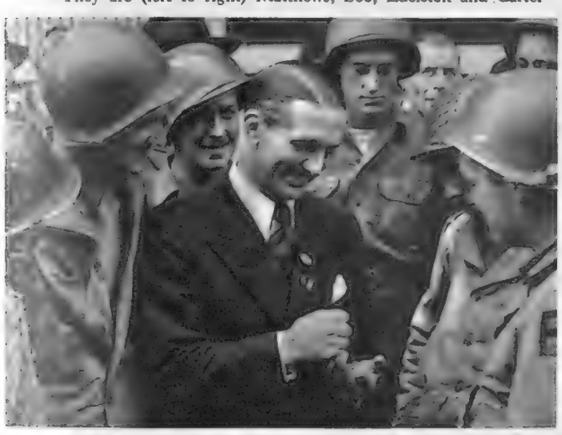
The Latest Pictures from GERMANY and Other Quarters of the Globe Showing Scenes of War Activity

GÖRING ALSO REAPPEARS—and visits General Bodenschatz in hospital. The latter was one of the men who were wounded during the attempt on Hitler's life. Although this picture was taken on September 7, the General was still confined to his bed—seven weeks later. This picture has obviously been published to counter the reports recently current that the Reichsmarshal is a "prisoner" on his country estate

"A ROLL-CALL OF HITLER YOUTH VOLUNTEERS": This was held recently throughout Germany. "On this occasion," runs the caption to the picture, "the young volunteers were presented with a special certificate and with a red shoulder-cord showing that they had voluntarily entered the Army." Here some of the youths are lined up during the presentation by an officer of the organisation

SHOWERS OF CONFETTI GREET GOVERNOR DEWEY IN LOS ANGELES : The Republican Presidential candidate passed through a storm of confetti as he drove downtown to the Biltmore Hotel following his arrival in Los Angeles from San Francisco on September 21. The Dewey car is second in the line. He was scheduled to address an audience of 100,000 that night. Prominent figures in the film industry participated in the ceremonies

R.A.F. FOOTBALLERS IN PARIS. Seven airmen were included in the British Football Association Services team which beat France at the Parc des Princes Stadium in Paris on September 30. All the goals were scored by the R.A.F. players, without reply from France. Four of the seven airmen are here seen arriving at the Stadium. They are (left to right) Matthews, Soo, Edelston and Carter



GEORGES CARPENTIER, WHO HAS JUST BEEN ARRESTED IN BORDEAUX : The famous French boxer has been arrested after an extensive search by the police in the Bordeaux region, and is to be charged with collaborationist activities. After this picture was taken he disappeared from sight. He has denied the charges, but is known to have visited Germany after the fall of France

THE OPENING OF THE LADY ROSALINDE TEDDER CLUB IN CAIRO : L.A.C.W. "Jackie" Bergen, of Highgate, and L.A.C.W. Freda Tinsley, of Bangor, Belfast, visit the club from an R.A.F. station on the fringe of the desert. This club was opened recently in Cairo in memory of the late wife of the Deputy Supreme Commander of the A.E.F. Lady Rosalinde was an enthusiastic worker for R.A.F. welfare : she died in an air crash whilst returning from a visit in the Benghazi area

A SERVICE IN NEW YORK IN HONOUR OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN : This procession was composed of details of the R.A.F., Royal Navy, the British Merchant Service and midshipmen of the Columbia University School. It is here seen entering the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, to attend a special thanksgiving service in commemoration of the victory of the Battle of Britain which reached its climax on September 15, 1940. The service, observed at the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury, was held in conjunction with similar services in every part of the free world

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD CONSECRATES AN ALLIED WAR CEMETERY ON A DALMATIAN ISLAND : When the Bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Woods, was on a visit to the Mediterranean recently, he flew in an R.A.F. Baltimore bomber to a Dalmatian island in the Adriatic, to consecrate an Allied war cemetery. The island is separated by only a few miles of water from German-held territory. On the island is the advanced airfield from which British aircraft strike into Yugoslavia. Many of the troops there have taken part in Commando raids on other Dalmatian islands. The men who have been killed on active service are buried in the tiny cemetery overlooking the sea

AN ENSA STAR WEDS AN ARMY OFFICER IN CAIRO. Suzy Odelle, one of the principals of *No, No, Nanette*, was married in Cairo Cathedral to Bimbashi Frank Moon, of the Sudan Defence Force. She has been in the Middle East for nearly two years. Her home is in Lancashire

"NO, NO, NANETTE," AT THE CAIRO GARRISON THEATRE. On September 5, Ensa opened its own theatre in Cairo, appropriately called "Garrison Theatre." A distinguished gathering of military personnel assembled to give the theatre a good send-off. After the show, General Paget (on right) had a chat with "Nanette" (Miss Lois Green). Lieut.-General Stone and Major-General Theron are seen behind

The POST-WAR MARKETS of LATIN-AMERICA

The Potential Needs of the South American Republics, and Britain's Prospects of Supplying their Requirements

Discussed by CHARLES GRAVES

FOLLOWING my article in last week's SPHERE about the Argentine, it is only natural to discuss post-war markets throughout Latin-America.

Brazil (to begin alphabetically after the Argentine) has been the best-treated of the South American Republics—the United States have favoured her very considerably. During the war Brazil has accumulated strong sterling balances and can well afford to pay for every urgently-required import. Unfortunately, existing legislation forbids private concerns from conducting inquiries about future imports until the Armistice. By and large, however, it is safe to say that what Brazil chiefly requires are transport materials of all kinds (aircraft, ships, locomotives, wagons, rails, motor-cars, lorries and spare parts), iron, steel, tools, machinery, fuels (like coal), chemicals, dyes and surgical instruments. But, until the Department of Overseas Trade and the Foreign Office of this country can state a case, the prospects for British exports to Brazil in the post-war transition period are dubious. The restrictions imposed by Lease-Lend are in full force, and there is no sign yet of their being removed. However, if priorities for the manufacture and export of goods most needed in Brazil are given in time to British manufacturers, Great Britain ought to be able to rebuild her trade with Brazil; otherwise, it can be assumed that the United States will supply practically all Brazil's needs.

In contrast to Brazil, Chile has no surplus sterling funds at her disposal. In fact, last year she did not have enough sterling exchange to meet the requirements of the Chilean market. Her financial position depends largely upon her nitrate market in Europe and the amounts derived from the United Kingdom's remittances from the volume of shipments of British goods. Until the outbreak of war, Germany provided a high percentage of her imports, but if international financial agreements are not established in an equable manner by the United Nations after Germany's collapse, we will have to face a formidable competition in the United States. The enormous accumulation of dollars standing to the credit of most of the American Republics will place the United States in a strong position for her trading negotiations throughout South America. It is possible that though Chile has, I repeat, no surplus sterling funds at her disposal, she may well find herself with a balance of 50,000,000 dollars at the end of the war. But as this amount will not last long, Great Britain ought soon to find herself competing on an equal footing with the United States for the ordinary overseas trade with this Republic. To-day, with the elimination as exporters of the Axis nations and the occupied countries, everything that Great Britain can ship finds a ready market. Chile's chief supply of cotton-piece goods to-day is Brazil, whose textile industry has developed enormously in recent years. What is more, the post-war shipments of Brazilian cotton to Great Britain herself will probably be on a larger scale than in peacetime. But whether it is Chile, Brazil or, at the other end of the alphabet, Venezuela, British manufacturers are criticised as being too conservative. The South American argues that he does not require a machine which will last him a lifetime because improved types are continually coming on the market. He is also affected by the market appearance of goods. British manufacturers, owing to restrictions by the Department of Overseas Trade, are not at present able to make their goods look as attractive as they should. More money should also be spent in local advertising. It might not be a bad idea if a local British trade paper were started in San Diego. Now that cheap competition from Germany and Japan has been removed, our reputation for commercial integrity ought to give us quite a chance, providing that once again we are not hampered by Lease-Lend.

Next on the list is Colombia. Since the beginning of the war, Colombia has acquired large dollar balances, but no sterling. Even before the war, Great Britain was losing trade to the U.S.A.—even in textiles. In addition to this, a number of native factories were started. Their goods were cheap and inferior, but as the standard of living is low, they had the best sale. Actually, Great Britain does not stand much chance with the United States in trade with Colombia, because Colombia depends on the U.S.A. for her coffee market; Great Britain is much farther away, and the United States seem to have unlimited funds for persistent propaganda.

Ecuador's post-war prospects are very uncertain. If the end of the war were followed by a stoppage in foreign purchases of balsa wood (used for Mosquitoes), rubber and rice, the country would be in a very poor way. Ecuador would like to trade with Great Britain, but the people know very little about British goods, except for English tailoring and, oddly enough, British spades.

El Salvador has a certain amount of sterling, but much larger dollar balances. We should have a chance of securing the German motor-cycle export business; typewriters, as in all other South American Republics, are also badly needed.

Guatemala is another South American Republic with substantial dollar balances and no accumulated sterling. With the exception of Germany when the barter trade was in vogue, the U.S.A. has been the almost exclusive supplier of motor-cars, trucks and tyres, and there seems little hope of Great Britain being able to cut into this trade, though bicycles might have a chance.

Nicaragua has no accumulated sterling balances, and the bulk of all imports come from the United States. It is thought lately, however, that the appointment of a special trade representative might be worth while. Nicaragua needs textile machinery, coffee machinery and cotton thread.

Paraguay's sterling balance is unimportant, her export balances being held principally in the Argentine, Brazil and the United States. The last-named country is all set to resume normal trade activities as soon as the war is over. British trade prospects here are dim.

Peru: Although Peru has been prospering during the war, the value of her trade with this country is negligible and practically the only commodity being shipped to the United Kingdom is raw cotton. Peru has no balance of unusable sterling, and if British manufacturers are to have any hope of selling their goods to the Peruvians they will have to work very hard for them. From an economic point of view, Peru is the luckiest of all the South American Republics. She has vast resources of minerals, cotton and sugar; she is developing her coal, iron, timber and rubber industries in no uncertain fashion. Great Britain's singlemindedness in prosecuting the war to a swift, successful conclusion has resulted in the loss of all kinds of markets to the United States. It seems quite clear that if British exports are to find a market in Peru, as in the other Republics of South America, it will be necessary to send out highly-efficient travelling representatives who can speak Spanish. They must be aided by comprehensive and detailed catalogues in the Spanish language and a far more aggressive selling policy, with generous allowances for advertising and propaganda. As elsewhere, the odd British currency, weights and measures are a very great disadvantage

On the other hand, Great Britain's prospects of becoming once again Uruguay's principal supplier are rosier. Certain preparatory work must be done, but the British Chamber of Commerce at Montevideo is already hard-worked. Many well-known British goods have disappeared from this market owing to the war, but would be welcomed if they reappeared.

I end with Venezuela, which has accumulated considerable exchange reserves during the war and should be able to buy more than ever from the United Kingdom. Actually, the country is not short of much except telephones, motor-cars, lorries and rubber tyres. It is most unfortunate, however, that the export quota for textiles from the United Kingdom this year has been drastically cut. It seems the greatest pity that, having maintained shipments so far, Britain could not maintain them if only for prestige purposes. Venezuelans have the greatest admiration for the way we have maintained our standards of manufacture; for our normal credit terms (except in the case of whisky), and for the fact that we have not increased our prices once an order has been accepted. British goods will find a hearty welcome in Venezuela as soon as they become available.

Speaking generally, British exports to South America can only be renewed successfully if her principals keep in much closer touch with their local agents and are fully informed of their competitors' activities.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

***Above*—Women lining up in front of the mass radiography unit, which diagnoses tuberculosis in its early stages**
***On left*—A close-up of the test being carried out**

THE FIGHT AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS: Medical authorities are watching with great interest the progress of an experiment which is being made by the Glasgow Public Health Department. This is a mass radiography unit which is now averaging 100 examinations in each half-day period, and which, it is anticipated, will in time be capable of handling 300 to 500 daily. Other units may be installed, and it is possible that the whole of the city's population between the ages of sixteen and forty will be covered; in addition, it is hoped to take units into large industrial establishments and take photographs there, with a minimum of interruption of production. No difficulty has been experienced in obtaining volunteers to co-operate in the experiment, which is part of a national scheme for the early diagnosis of tuberculosis

ITEMS OF HOME INTEREST

A THAMES BRIDGE BUILT SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR AT WESTMINSTER : This emergency bridge near the Houses of Parliament was erected for use in the event of the permanent bridges in the vicinity being put out of action by enemy bombs. It is now being used by pedestrians who normally used Hungerford footbridge, since the damage to the latter by German flying bombs. This picture reveals the location of the temporary bridge, spanning the river from the Victoria Embankment to near the County Hall on the Lambeth side. Over the Houses of Parliament the flag may be seen flying above the Victoria Tower, to denote that the House is sitting. For five years it was not flown owing to the danger of air raids

THE PERFORMING RIGHT SOCIETY KEEPS WATCH ON THE WORLD'S MUSIC. Girls at work on the files of composers, authors and publishers at the Society's West End office. The sections shown in the picture alone contain 100,000 names

A FAMOUS CHESS CLUB IN THE CITY OF LONDON REOPENS : The woman proprietor plays the first game. Miss E. Price is the owner of the Gambit Chess Rooms in Budge Row : here she is seen with a friend playing the first game at the reopening of the premises after damage caused during the blitz had been put right and allowed the premises to be reopened. Now seventy-three, Miss Price has been absent from the Rooms for only four months in forty-three years. She is one of the most brilliant woman players in the country, having won the Ladies Championship three times in succession. All the world's great players have, at one time or another, visited the Gambit. Only men are permitted to enter

THE MEN WHO RUN THE PERFORMING RIGHT SOCIETY. Mr. C. F. James, General Manager (on right), and Mr. G. H. Hatchman, Assistant General Manager. The Performing Right Society—which may well be described as one of the curiosities of London—will shortly be able to tell how much money has accumulated in Germany and other enemy countries for English composers whose works have been played there during the war years. At the same time, enemy composers will find money waiting for them for the performance of their works in Great Britain, although whether they will be allowed to receive the accumulated funds owing to them will first require a Government decision. The Society is unique in that there are no entrance fees for joining it, although every year it collects £600,000 from all over the world in fees

THE FLYING BISHOPS now in London from America : The Rt. Rev. Henry Hobson, Bishop of Southern Ohio (on left), and the Rt. Rev. G. Ashton Oldham, Bishop of Albany (in centre), have just arrived in this country by air. They have come at the invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to confer with him on many matters of importance affecting their respective communions. Although their mission is not connected with the U.S. Government, it has the endorsement of the President and Secretary of State. With the two American Bishops in this picture is the Rt. Rev. H. J. Buxton, Bishop of Gibraltar (on right)

RUBBER FROM THE HUMBLE DANDELION developed at Kew : During the rubber crisis, by special request of the Ministry of Supply, the scientists at Kew Gardens set to work to produce rubber from dandelions. After many experiments this has now been achieved and developments are progressing satisfactorily. The milk extracted from the roots forms the rubber. On the right above are seen some of the dandelion roots, and on the left the rubber extracted from it

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

MEMORIES OF A FAMOUS THEATRE

The Story of Daly's; A New Book by Charles Graves; A Tale of Two Sisters; Another "France 1940" Story; The Adventures of a Flying Jockey; Verses by A. P. Herbert

DALY'S Theatre remains a glamorous memory, the epitome of the best in the night-life of the most prosperous era this country has known. It is told with gusto and a treasury of anecdote in a fine new book, **DALY'S** (W. H. Allen. 15s. 6d.), by D. Forbes-Winslow. The period is vividly described by W. Macqueen-Pope in an Epilogue which I recommend should be read first—the days of fat gold sovereigns, of threepenny Scotches and growlers and Pick-Me-Up cigarettes, when no lady dared cross Leicester Square unescorted, and nobody could get into the stalls unless in full evening dress.

"I believe I know where Paradise is situated," someone wrote. "It is certainly in Cranbourne Alley. For there are so many pretty faces to be seen glittering about the bonnet shops on a fine morning that it is impossible to believe Paradise can be elsewhere." That was before Daly's opened in 1893. After that the pretty faces were all to be found inside—until the peerage stole them away and compelled George Edwardes to insert an anti-nuptial clause into his girls' contracts. "The Guv'nor," as everyone called him, is really the hero of the story, and not that long-legged Augustin Daly who built the theatre for Ada Rehan, most entrancing of Shrews. Duse and Ellen Terry had drawn the town there before Edwardes created his sumptuous spectacles that gave London the reputation of being the only city that knew how a musical comedy should be put on.

The Geisha opened in 1896 and ran 760 performances. *A Greek Slave* followed in 1898 with 352, *San Toy* in 1899 with 768, *A Country Girl* in 1902 with 729. So from one melodious money-spinner to another, culminating in *The Merry Widow*, Edwardes' greatest triumph. The names of the lovely women who helped to make this the most enchanting of playhouses ring like a chime of bells—Marie Tempest, Lily Elsie, José Collins, Evelyn Laye. To be the star of Daly's was to be queen of the stage.

Edwardes himself comes to life in these pages. When *Our Miss Gibbs* was hissed on the opening night, he was asked "What changes do you suggest?" as the curtain fell. "None," he answered; "it will be a huge success." The play ran for 636 performances. Yet this noble impresario, with his diadem of successes, his three theatres (for he ran the Gaiety and the Adelphi too), and his pay-roll of 2,000 all the year round, was not infallible: he sold the rights in one show for £1,000 when it still had £100,000 to earn, and he dared not put on *The Chocolate Soldier* because, as he confessed openly, "he was frightened of Bernard Shaw."

And now Daly's is a cinema—a fine one, let us honestly admit. For, as the Epilogue says, the glittering theatre belonged to a more glittering age, an age when London had a Season and the houses of the West End had window-boxes that made the city into a garden, when there really were twenty shillings in the pound.

This book is like a holiday in the playground of another planet.

THE WIFE OF BRITAIN'S AIRBORNE FORCES CHIEF: Daphne du Maurier, the well-known novelist, who in private life is Mrs. F. A. M. Browning, wife of Major-General Browning, Chief of Britain's Airborne troops, who dropped with his men in the invasion of Holland. The Germans recently claimed that he was a prisoner of war, but the War Office have contradicted that statement and have added that he is safe and well. Mrs. Browning is seen in the nursery of her Cornish home with her children, Tessa, Flavia and Christian

Mr. Charles Graves has done a dangerous thing. In **FIVE SURVIVE** (Hutchinson. 9s. 6d.), he has bumped Kit Crokart off in a London air raid (in Wardour Street, of all places), and hands Ginger Pleasanton his ticket on his last flight in a Mosquito. Now Mr. Graves knows—and is, I am sure, reasonably proud of the fact—that his fictional characters are immensely popular in the Service. All very well in this, his fourth book about them, to introduce a touch of verisimilitude; but down at Biggin Hill and places where they sing (as well as read), the cry will go up, "Why Kit, and why old Ginger?" And why choose a Typpie and a Mozzie to have it?

I can only refer Mr. Graves to the well-deserved fate of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle the first time he allowed Moriarty a spurious victory.

The story of the R.A.F. in this war is not yet told. So far, no finer or truer record, with the human and dramatic values in perspective, exists than these novels, which began with *The Thin Blue Line* and is continued in *Five Survive*. There must, there shall be, some more to come. As for Kit and Ginger—well, air-raid casualties are not always what they appear to be, and parachutes have been known to open in the most extraordinary circumstances.

It would be easy to say that Mrs. D. E. Stevenson had written another of her charming, soothing novels with **LISTENING VALLEY** (Collins. 8s. 6d.), and it would also be true. But it would by no means be a complete description of a story which, starting with two sisters, one animated and one quiescent to the point of half-wittedness, develops into a convincing and quite charming love-story about the quiet sister, and gives her a personality suspected neither by her parents nor by her devoted, but overbearing, sister.

Many novels, effective in other ways, are altogether without this unfolding and growth of character. The dramatis personæ are established once and for all in the first few pages, or on their first appearance, and from then on they are static, keeping more rigidly "in character" than human beings are ever likely to. Full marks, therefore, to this author for creating a little personage, however simple, and allowing it to grow and change.

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM ORCHESTRA AND ITS NEW CONDUCTOR: Birmingham has voted the sum of £12,500, shared between the Rates and the Education Departments, to make its orchestra a full-time, permanent organisation, providing more and better music for the people and a first-class musical education for the schoolchildren. The musical director and conductor is Mr. George Weldon (left), frequently heard on the air with leading orchestras. He now holds the Birmingham appointment permanently

The second, and more vivid, part of the book is set in wartime Scotland, in a remote and lovely country district. It is here that Mrs. Stevenson's Tonia really flowers, and even acquires a trace of a sense of humour. One criticism, though. I really couldn't believe in that beautiful spy who turned up. I tried to, but it was no good. She was too bad to be true.

First novelists cannot resist the adventures of individual soldiers in retreat before the Germans in the France of 1940. The subject is becoming a set-piece. Do the correspondence schools recommend it? The latest is **THE DEVIL HELD THE ACES**, by Patrick Doncaster (W. H. Allen. 8s. 6d.). It tells how Nicky Millard, an American volunteer, finds himself cut off from his regiment with his way to make alone to the coast. He reaches France and joins a crowd of retreating infantry and civilians, who include an American girl, Becky. Their love-story is told with feeling and a sense for both the earthy and the idyllic. She was an art student in Paris, and had been working on mural designs for a chain of *maisons* (in the sinister sense) until the German armies advanced. Together the lovers scratch their way on foot and cycle towards Dunkirk. Here Becky is killed, and after reaching England Nicky commits suicide. The phoney toughness of this readable tale is not less entertaining than more authentic versions, though the author fails to achieve the high tragedy he aims at in his conclusion.

Mr. George A. Birmingham has written a novel to prove that the sport of Kings is also the sport of the R.A.F., all good Eireanns and even the I.R.A. **LIEUTENANT COMMANDER** (Methuen. 8s. 6d.), far from being a tale of naval exploits, is an engaging adventure concerning a race-horse of that name, who is due to run in the Two Thousand Guineas, and his jockey, who is also a flyer and who is forced down off the north-west coast of Ireland a short time before the race at Newmarket.

AN EMBLEM OF THE HARVEST: Mr. J. Leadbeater, the Cultivation Officer of the Gloucestershire War Agricultural Committee, with a "Dolly" made of this year's wheat straw. It was made by Mr. Sydney Hall, a tractor-driver, who claims to be the only person who still maintains the old country tradition of making one of these ornaments each year

The jockey, Kemp, is British and, therefore, liable to internment in Eire, but since he has the perspicacity to be rescued by a man who has a big bet on the horse, he is in good hands. Kemp even manages to evade the activities of the I.R.A. by putting its local leader on to a very good thing, and is smuggled across to Northern Ireland, and thence, with the help of an English Air Marshal whose sporting instincts are at least as strong as in an Irishman, by air to Newmarket *just* in time to ride in the race.

And what do you think? He wins it! Amusing stuff, and very welcome.

Mr. A. P. Herbert has called his little verse alphabet of the present war **A.T.I.** (Ornum Press. 4s. 6d.), taking that symbol from the International Code, in which it means "There is no need for alarm." It was a signal that Mr. Herbert hoisted with general approval on the black day in 1940 when France fell, and it makes an excellent title for a witty little volume, which is illustrated by line-drawings by Mr. John Nicholson.

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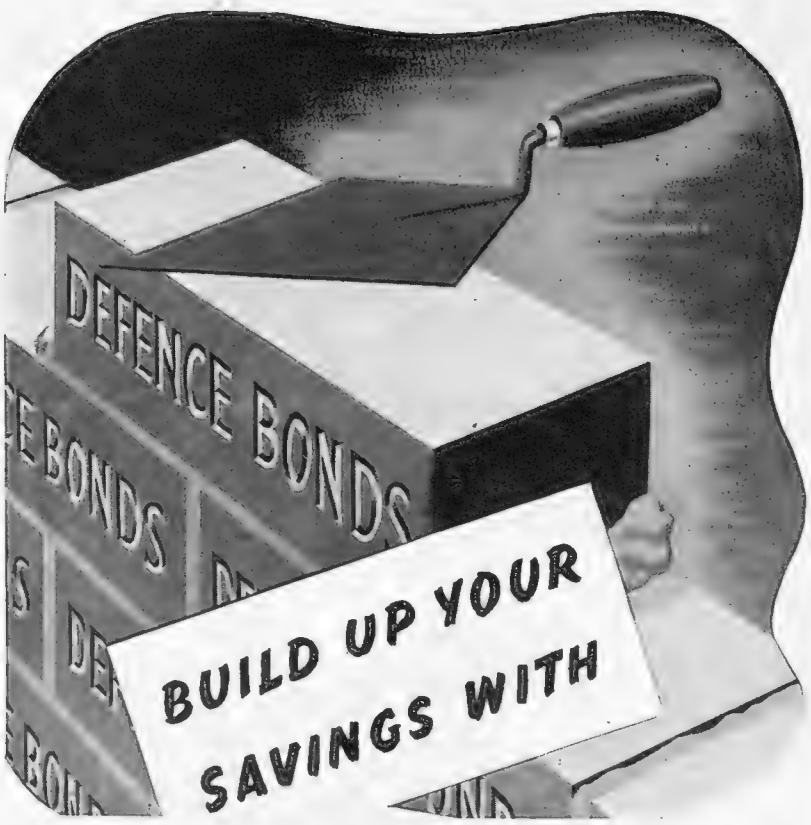

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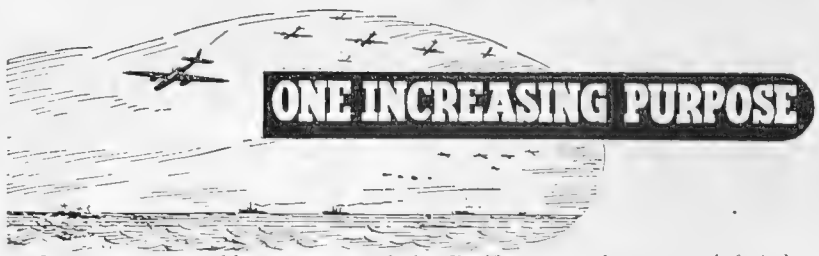

OVER the vast blue expanses of the Pacific; over the swamp-infested jungles of Burma; over the great desert wastes of North Africa; over Italy and the Occupied Territories of Europe; over the whole of the Reich itself, Allied Aircraft have roared upon their missions. From the earliest days of the war in Britain's "finest hour" when "so much" was owed by "so many to so few," the Royal Air Force has led the way, striking blow after blow by day and by night, with one increasing purpose—the destruction of tyranny and the triumph of the freedom and the rights of man.

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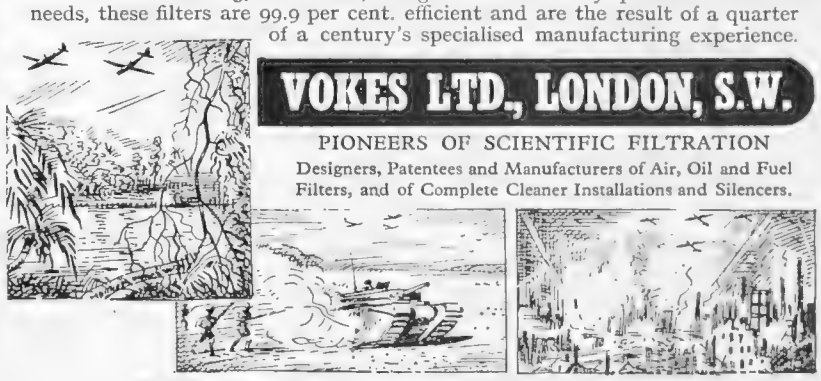

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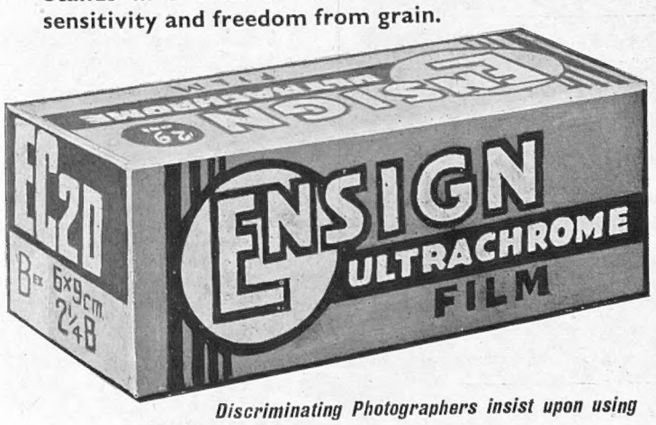

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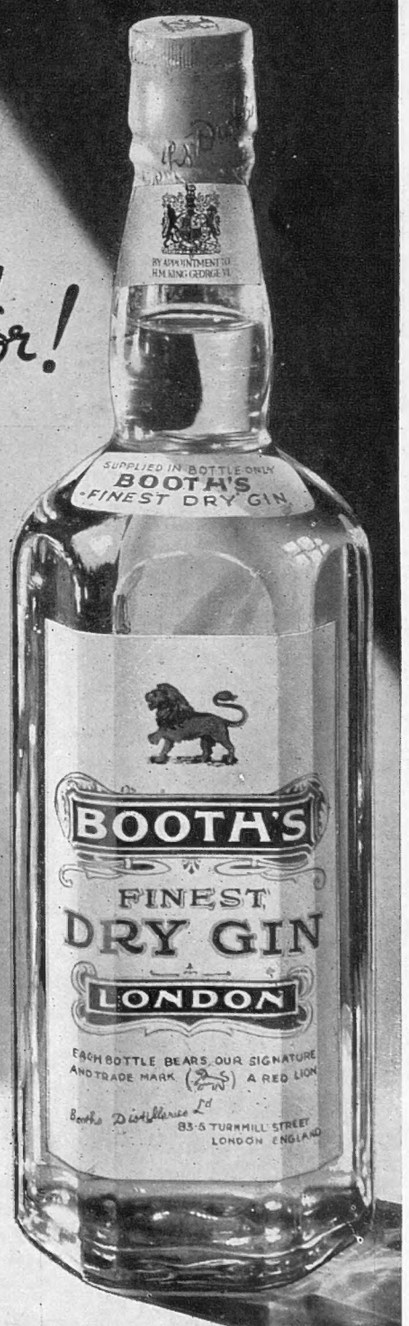

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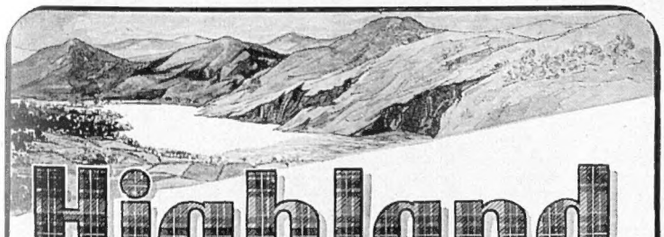

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